

Poetry

Heath

ENGLISH POETRY FOR SCHOOLS

BOOK II. SECONDARY



ENGLISH POETRY FOR SCHOOLS

BOOK II. SECONDARY.

SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND ANNOTATED BY

GEORGE COOKSON, B.A.

WITH A NOTE ON RECITATION BY

A. V. HOUGHTON, B.A.

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1904

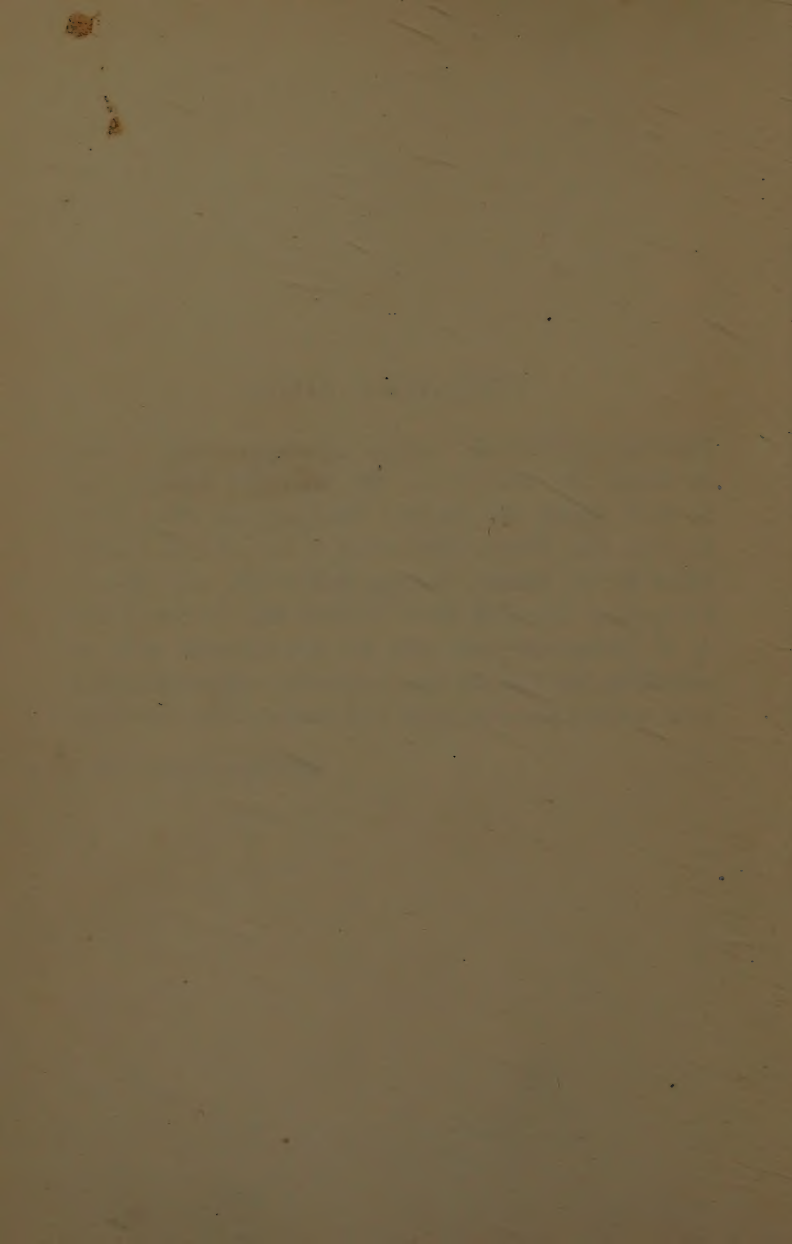
First Edition 1899.
Reprinted 1900, 1902, 1903, 1904.

GLASGOW : PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

PREFATORY NOTE.

FOR leave to include certain copyright pieces I wish to thank Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Sir Rennell Rodd, Mr. Robert Bridges, and Miss Dora Brown; also Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Messrs. George Bell & Co., and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. I wish also to thank Mr. A. V. Houghton, not only for his valuable note on recitation, but also for many excellent suggestions that have guided the final form and choice of this selection.

GEORGE COOKSON.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFATORY NOTE, ...	v
ENGLISH POETRY FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS, PART I.:	
The Arab's Farewell to his Steed, ...	1
The Destruction of Sennacherib, ...	4
Battle Song, ...	5
The Village Parson, ...	6
The Ivy Green, ...	7
King Henry's Speech before Agincourt, ...	8
The Victim, ...	10
The Human Seasons, ...	13
On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes, ...	13
The Affliction of Margaret, ...	15
Character of a Happy Life, ...	18
On the Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz, ...	19
A Legend, ...	20
The Carver and the Caliph, ...	21
On First Looking into Chapman's Homer, ...	24
The Windmill, ...	24
The "Old, Old Song,"	25
To the Moon, ...	26
Boy and Man, ...	26
A Wish, ...	27
John Anderson, ...	27
Meg Merrilies, ...	28
The Brook, ...	29
Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind, ...	31

	PAGE
Dreams, ...	32
Sleep, ...	32
The Power of Music, ...	33
To Blossoms, ...	34
The Cloud, ...	35
Hubert and Arthur, ...	38
The Fairy Life, ...	39
Fairies, ...	40
Young Love, ...	40
Song to the Owl, ...	41
Young Lovers, ...	41
The Greenwood Tree, ...	42
Morning, ...	42
The Tiger, ...	43
Blow, Bugle, Blow, ...	44
The Forsaken Merman, ...	45
Clear and Cool, ...	49
To the Cuckoo, ...	50
The Sands of Dee, ...	51
The Shell, ...	52
Horatius, ...	53

ENGLISH POETRY FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS, PART II. :

Recollections of the Arabian Nights, ...	73
La Belle Dame Sans Merci, ...	78
Home they brought her Warrior Dead, ...	80
The Girl describes her Fawn, ...	81
The Death Bed, ...	82
Requiescat, ...	83
The Old Familiar Faces, ...	84
"Break, Break, Break!"	84
The Skylarks, ...	85
Arethusa, ...	87
The Isles of Greece, ...	90
Alexander's Feast, or, the Power of Music, ...	93
The Officer's Grave, ...	98

	PAGE
Ozymandias of Egypt, ...	99
Lines Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon, ...	99
Bruce to his Army, ...	101
The Corsair's Life, ...	102
To a Waterfowl, ...	103
The Sailor Boy, ...	104
Lord Ullin's Daughter, ...	105
The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk, ...	107
How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, ...	109
The Vision of Belshazzar, ...	111
Hohenlinden, ...	113
The Journey Onwards, ...	114
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, ...	115
Ode to Creation, ...	116
The Traveller, ...	117
A Vision, ...	118
Solitude, ...	119
The Search for Peace, ...	119
True Growth, ...	121
Look Forward !	121
The Toys, ...	122
Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam, ...	124
Joy Cometh in the Morning, ...	125
King Arthur's Apologia, ...	126
Seven Ages of Man, ...	127
Wise Counsel, ...	128
The Village Schoolmaster, ...	129
Cranmer's Prophecy of Queen Elizabeth, ...	131
Mark Antony's Oration over the Body of Caesar, ...	133
After Duncan's Murder, ...	136
King John and Hubert, ...	139
The Quality of Mercy, ...	141
Song, ...	141
The Ocean, ...	142
The Traveller's Return, ...	144

	PAGE
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna, . . .	145
The Charge of the Light Brigade, . . .	146
Ye Mariners of England, . . .	148
Napoleon and the British Sailor. 1804, . . .	149
Napoleon's Farewell, . . .	152
The British Soldier in China, . . .	153
The Revenge, . . .	154
The Peel Life-Boat, . . .	160
Battle of the Baltic, . . .	163

ENGLISH POETRY FOR SECONDARY SCHOOLS, PART III. :

On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, . . .	166
Milton, . . .	170
The Messenger's Story, . . .	170
Address to Light, . . .	173
On his Blindness (Milton) . . .	174
Milton, . . .	175
On the Castle of Chillon, . . .	176
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic. . .	177
England and Switzerland, . . .	177
Shakespeare, . . .	178
The Uses of Adversity, . . .	179
Dissolution of the World, . . .	179
Wolsey's Farewell, . . .	180
The Favour of Princes, . . .	181
Soliloquy on Sleep, . . .	182
The Visionary Dagger, . . .	183
Hamlet on his Dull Revenge, . . .	184
Cassius upon Caesar, . . .	185
The Future, . . .	186
Ode to Duty, . . .	189
Pain, . . .	191
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, . . .	193
"Flower in the Crannied Wall," . . .	197
The River of Life, . . .	197
Ode to a Nightingale, . . .	198

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
Youth and Age, ...	201
Lycidas, ...	203
Time, ...	209
Elegy, ...	210
To Meadows, ...	210
Rose Aylmer, ...	211
Ode on a Grecian Urn, ...	211
"Get thee behind me, Satan!"	213
The Light of Other Days, ...	214
Friends Departed, ...	215
The Flower, ...	216
Death the Leveller, ...	217
On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey, ...	218
The Last Conqueror, ...	218
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, ...	219
The Unity of Existence, ...	222
The Nature and State of Man, ...	223
The Genius of the East, ...	224
The Thames in Chaucer's Day, ...	225
The Lotos-Eaters, ...	225
Kubla Khan, ...	231
Ulysses, ...	233
Ode to the West Wind, ...	235
Nature and the Poet, ...	238
Upon Westminster Bridge	240
"The World is too much with us,"	241
To a Skylark, ...	241
Hymn of Apollo, ...	245
The Eagle, ...	247
To Night, ...	247
The Nile, ...	248
The Praise of Athens, ...	248
The Ballad of East and West, ...	249
The Mamaluke Charge, ...	255
The Castaway, ...	257
Rosabelle, ...	259

	PAGE
Before Sedan, ...	261
The Love of Angels, ...	262
How Sleep the Brave, ...	263
The Things on which Life Depends, ...	263
"Nothing is either Small or Great,"	264
Say not, the Struggle nought availeth, ...	264
NOTES ON THE POEMS, ...	266
NOTE ON RECITATION, ...	281
APPENDIX A.—THREE POEMS TREATED AS MODELS, ...	289
APPENDIX B.—SUMMARY OF THE FOUR CHIEF PERIODS OF ENGLISH POETRY, ...	295
APPENDIX C.—SHORT CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS, ...	305
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	336

ENGLISH POETRY FOR SCHOOLS.

BOOK II. SECONDARY.

PART I.

L

The Arab's Farewell to his Steed.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye ;

Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd
speed ;

I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed !

Fret not with that impatient hoof, sniff not the breezy
wind, 5

The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
The stranger has thy bridle rein—thy master hath *his*
gold ;

Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell ! thou'rt sold, my
steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell ! Those free, untired limbs full many a mile
must roam

To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the
stranger's home; 10

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and
bed prepare ;

The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were
wont to be ;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy
plain 15

Some other steed with slower step shall bear me home
again.

Yes, thou must go ! The wild, free breeze, the brilliant
sun and sky,

Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one
must fly ;

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's
hand to meet. 20

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright ;

Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and
light ;

And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,

Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt *sold*, my
Arab steed !

Ah ! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
chide,

25

Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting side ;

And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy
indignant pain,

Till careless eyes which rest on thee may count each
starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee ? If I thought—but no, it
cannot be,

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed ; so gentle, yet so
free ;

30

And yet if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
should yearn,

Can the hand which casts thee from it now command
thee to return ?

Return!—alas, my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished
from his view ?

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through
the gathering tears

35

Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage,
appears ?

Slow and unmounted shall I roam with weary step
alone,

Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast
borne me on ;

And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
sadly think,

“ It was *here* he bowed his glossy neck when last I
saw him drink ! ”

40

When last I saw him drink!—Away! the fevered
dream is o'er!

I could not live a day and *know* that we should meet
no more!

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is
strong—

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
long.

Who said that I had given thee up? who said that
thou wert sold? 45

'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back
their gold!

Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains!

Away! who overtakes us now may claim *thee* for his
pains!

HON. MRS. NORTON.

II.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, 5
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd; 10
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
 still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, 15
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

III.

Battle Song.

OH, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes, in the gay wind dancing! 5
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating. 10

Yet, 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot whether
 His plumèd bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together. 15
 Leave poms to those who need 'em—
 Give man but heart and freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em. 20

 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever! 25

T. MOORE.

IV.

The Village Parson.

A MAN he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power, 5
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain. 10
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 15
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; 20
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, 25
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile. 30
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

O. GOLDSMITH.

V.

The Ivy Green.

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed, 5
To pleasure his dainty whim :

And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green. 10

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.

How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!

And sily he traileth along the ground, 15
And his leaves he gently waves,

As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green. 20

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;

But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.

The brave old plant in its lonely days 25
Shall fatten upon the past ;

For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green. 30

CHARLES DICKENS.

VI.

King Henry's Speech before Agincourt.

Westmoreland. O that we now had here,

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day !

King Henry. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
 Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered ; 40
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ; 45
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ; 50
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Henry V.* Act iv., Sc. iii.

VII.

The Victim.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
 A famine after laid them low,
 Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
 For on them brake the sudden foe ;
 So thick they died the people cried, 5
 ' The Gods are moved against the land.'
 The Priest in horror about his altar
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand :
 ' Help us from famine
 And plague and strife ! 10
 What would you have of us ?
 Human life ?

Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer),
We give you his life.' 15

But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whitened all the rolling flood; 20
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moaned,
Till at last it seemed that an answer came.
'The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life.' 25

The priest went out by heath and hill;
The king was hunting in the wild; 30
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold, 35
He seemed a victim due to the priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
'The Gods have answered:
We give them the boy.' 40

The king returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, 'They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:

The land is sick, the people diseased, 45
And blight and famine on all the lea :
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life. 50
Is *he* your dearest ?
Or I, the wife ?'

The king bent low, with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee :
' O wife, what use to answer now ? 55
For now the Priest has judged for me.'
The king was shaken with holy fear ;
' The Gods,' he said ' would have chosen well ;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell !' 60
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won :
' We have his dearest.
His only son !'

The rites prepared, the victim bared, 65
The knife uprising toward the blow
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
' Me, not my darling, no.'
He caught her away with a sudden cry ;
Suddenly from him brake his wife, 70
And shrieking '*I am his dearest, I—*
I am his dearest !' rushed on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
' O, Father Odin,
We give you a life, 75

Which was his nearest ?
 Who was his dearest ?
 The Gods have answered ;
 We give them the wife !'

LORD TENNYSON.

VIII.

The Human Seasons.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously 5
 Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furleth close ; contented so to look 10
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

J. KEATS.

IX.

**On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of
 Gold Fishes.**

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,

Demurest of the Tabby kind
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below. 5

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies, 10
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream : 15
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw 20
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent 25
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in ! 30

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send :—

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard— 35
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold :
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes 40
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters, gold !

T. GRAY.

X.

The Affliction of Margaret.

WHERE art thou, my beloved son,
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
 Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
 Or if the grave be now thy bed,
 Why am I ignorant of the same 5
 That I may rest ; and neither blame
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
 No tidings of an only child—
 To have despair'd, have hoped, believed, 10
 And been for evermore beguiled,—
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
 I catch at them, and then I miss ;
 Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth, 15
 An object beauteous to behold :
 Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :

If things ensued that wanted grace
As hath been said, they were not base; 20
And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young-one dream
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares! 25
He knows it not, he cannot guess;
Years to a mother bring distress;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought; and being blind 30
Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong:
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed": and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew. 35

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes; 40
And worldly grandeur I despise
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount—how short a voyage brings 45
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan, 50
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den :
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep 55
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts : but none will force
Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ; 60
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ; 65
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass :
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind
And all the world appears unkind. 70

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my son, or send 75
Some tidings that my woes may end !
I have no other earthly friend.

W. WORDSWORTH.

XI.

Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are, 5
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice ; who never understood 10
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ; 20

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON,

XII.

The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.

It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took 5
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod; 10
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day 15
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale. 20

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;
Though at times he hears in his dreams 25
The Ranz des Vaches of old,

And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, "Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn; 30
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

XIII.

A Legend.

It was upon a Lammas night
Two brothers woke and said,
As each upon the other's weal
Bethought him on his bed ;

The elder spake unto his wife, 5
 " Our brother dwells alone ;
 No little babes to cheer his life,
 And helpmate hath he none.

“Up will I get and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain,
The while our Ahmed lies asleep,
And wots not of the gain.”

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed,
Before the dawning of the day, 15
To do that gracious deed.

Now to the younger, all unsought,
The same kind fancy came !
Nor wist they of each other's thought,
Though movèd to the same.

“Abdullah he hath wife,” quoth he,
“And little babes also ;
What would be slender boot to me
Would make his heart o’erflow.

“Up will I get, and of my heap
A sheaf bestow or twain ;
The while he sweetly lies asleep,
And wots not of the gain.” 25

So up he got and did address
Himself with loving heed, 30
Before the dawning of the day,
To mate his brother’s deed !

Thus played they oft their gracious parts,
And marvelled oft to view
Their sheaves still equal, for their hearts 35
In love were equal too.

One morn they met, and, wondering, stood
To see by clear daylight
How each upon the other’s good
Bethought him in the night. 40

So when this tale to him was brought,
The Caliph did decree,
Where twain had thought the same good thought,
There Allah’s house should be.

C. TENNYSON-TURNER.

XIV.

The Carver and the Caliph.

(WE lay our story in the East.
Because ’tis Eastern ?—not the least.

We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And seem to touch with impious hand 5
Our dear confiding native land.)

Haroun Alraschid, in the days
He went about his vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of Bagdad, 10
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A carver.

Fair his work and fine,
With mysteries of inlaced design,
And shapes of shut significance 15
To aught but an anointed glance,
The dreams and visions that grow plain
In darkened chambers of the brain.
And all day busily he wrought
From dawn to eve, but no one bought; 20
Save when some Jew, with look askant,
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant
Would pause awhile,—depreciate,
Then buy a month's work by the weight,
Bearing it swiftly over seas 25
To garnish rich men's treasures.

And now, for long none bought at all.
So he lay sullen in his stall.
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
And smote his staff upon the ground. 30
“Ho, there, within! Hast wares to sell?
Or slumber'st, having dined too well?”

“Dined,” quoth the man with sullen eyes,
“How should I dine when no one buys?”
“Nay,” said the other, answering low, 35
“Nay, I but jested. Is it so?
Take, then, this coin, . . . but take beside
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined,—remote,—minute; 40
These small conceptions can but fail;
’Twere best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air,
The fisherman that hauls his net,— 45
The merchants in the market set,—
The couriers posting in the street,—
The gossips as they pass and greet,—
These,—these are clear to all men’s eyes,
Therefore with these they sympathize. 50
Further (neglect not this advice!)
Be sure to ask three times the price.”

The carver sadly shook his head;
He knew ’twas truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned 55
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;
—Ah, but the artist, that was lost! 60

AUSTIN DOBSON.

XV.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 5
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies 10
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS.

XVI.

The Windmill.

THE green corn waving in the dale,
 The ripe grass waving on the hill :
 I lean across the paddock pale
 And gaze upon the giddy mill.

Its hurtling sails a mighty sweep 5
 Cut thro' the air ; with rushing sound
 Each strikes in fury down the steep,
 Rattles, and whirls in chase around.

Beside his sacks the miller stands
On high within the open door : 10
A book and pencil in his hands,
His grist and meal he reckoneth o'er.

His tireless merry slave the wind
Is busy with his work to-day :
From whencesoe'er he comes to grind, 15
He hath a will and knows the way.

He gives the creaking sails a spin,
The circling millstones faster flee,
The shuddering timbers groan within,
And down the shoots the meal runs free. 20

The miller giveth him no thanks
And doth not much his work o'erlook :
He stands beside the sacks and ranks
The figures in his dusty book.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

XVII.

The "Old, Old Song."

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad, 5
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown; 10
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down :
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among :
 God grant you find one face there 15
 You loved when all was young.
 C. KINGSLEY.

XVIII.

To the Moon.

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye 5
 That finds no object worth its constancy ?
 P. B. SHELLEY.

XIX.

Boy and Man.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old 5
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man :
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.
 W. WORDSWORTH.

XX.

A Wish.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch 5
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew; 10
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze 15
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

S. ROGERS.

XXI.

John Anderson.

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither, 10
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, 15
 John Anderson my jo.

R. BURNS.

XXII.

Meg Merrilies.

OLD Meg she was a gipsy,
 And lived upon the moors:
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors.
 Her apples were swart blackberries, 5
 Her currants, pods o' broom;
 Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
 Her book a churchyard tomb.
 Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters larchen trees; 10
 Alone with her great family,
 She lived as she did please.
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And, 'stead of supper, she would stare 15
 Full hard against the moon.
 But every morn, of woodbine fresh,
 She made her garlanding,
 And every night the dark glen yew
 She wove, and she would sing. 20

And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen, 25
And tall as Amazon :
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A ship-hat had she on,
God rest her aged bones somewhere ;
She died full long ago.

30
J. KEATS.

XXIII.

The Brook.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down 5
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorpes a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river, 10
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays, 15
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

33

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

25

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

30

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

35

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

40

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;

45

I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow

To join the brimming river,

50

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

XXIV.

Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

5

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly.

10

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

15

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho! the holly!

This life is most jolly.

20

W. SHAKESPEARE.

And as a purling stream, thou Son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses :—sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

10

J. FLETCHER.

XXVII.

The Power of Music.

Lorenzo. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
 bank !

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

5

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;

10

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Come ho, and wake Diana with a hymn.

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

16

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,

20

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods :
 Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, 26
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ; 30
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, Act v., Scene i.

XXVIII.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay here yet awhile
 To blush and gently smile, 5
 And go at last.

What werè ye born to be,
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth 10
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave : 15

And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

R. HERRICK.

XXIX.

The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under; 10
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits. 20
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof ; 65
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ; 75
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air, 80
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. SHELLEY.

XXX.

Hubert and Arthur.

Hubert. COME, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy ?

Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heaven, that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense ! 5
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise ? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes : 10
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold, 15
And would not harm me.

Hubert. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;
There is no malice in this burning coal ; 20
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arthur. An, if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert : 25

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
 And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things that you should use to-do me wrong
 Deny their office: only you do lack 30
 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hubert. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes,
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes!
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy, 35
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arthur. O, now you look like Hubert! All this while
 You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace; no more. Adieu.
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports: 40
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act iv., Scene i.

XXXI.

The Fairy Life.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I:
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch, when owls do cry:
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily. 5

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

W. SHAKESPEARE.

XXXII.

Fairies.

COME unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands :
 Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there ;
 And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark !

5

Bow-wow.
 The watch-dogs bark :
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

10

W. SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIII.

Young Love.

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourishèd ?
 Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes ;
 With gazing fed ; and Fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies :
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell ;
 I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
 —Ding, dong, bell.

5

10

W. SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIV.

Song to the Owl.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
 And dew is cold upon the ground,
 And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round ; 5
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfrey sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
 And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch 10
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,
 Twice or thrice his roundelay ;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfrey sits.

LORD TENNYSON.

XXXV.

Young Lovers.

IT was a lover and his lass
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino !
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding : 5
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
 These pretty country folks would lie :
 This carol they began that hour,
 How that life was but a flower : 10

And therefore take the present time
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino !
 For love is crownèd with the prime
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding : 15
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

XXXVI.

The Greenwood Tree.

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me ?
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither ! 5
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun, 10
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets—
 Come hither, come hither, come hither !
 Here shall he see
 No enemy 15
 But winter and rough weather

W. SHAKESPEARE.

XXXVII.

Morning.

THE year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;

The hillside's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ; 5
 The snail's on the thorn ;
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world !

R. BROWNING.

XXXVIII.

The Tiger.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

 In what distant deeps or skies 5
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

 And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ? 10
 And when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand formed thy dread feet ?

 What the hammer ? what the chain ?
 In what furnace was thy brain ?
 What the anvil ? what dread grasp 15
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

 When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see ?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee ? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

W. BLAKE.

XXXIX.

Blow, Bugle, Blow.

THE splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits (old in story;) *picture*
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory. *more music*

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying. *more music*

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
 And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

XL.

The Forsaken Merman.

COME, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow ; 5
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go— 10
Call once yet !
In a voice that she will know :
“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ; 15
Children’s voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once, and come away ;
This way, this way !
“ Mother, dear, we cannot stay ! 20
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret ! Margaret ! ”
Come, dear children, come away down !
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall’d town, 25
And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !
She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday,
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear-green sea ;
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here with thee."
I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves !"

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

“The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ; 65

Long prayers,” I said, “in the world they say ;

Come !” I said ; and we rose thro’ the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down,

Where the sea-stocks bloom to the white-walled town ;

Thro’ the narrow paved streets, where all was still, 70

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,

And we gazed up the aisle thro’ the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear ; 76

“Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !

Dear heart,” I said, “we are long alone ;

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.”

But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80

For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !

Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down ! 85

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings : “O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy, 90

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;

For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !”
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully, 95
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ; 100
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ; 105
For the cold strange eyes of a little mermaid
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ; 110
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar. 115
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing : “ Here came a mortal, 120
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.”

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow, 125
 When clear falls the moonlight,
 When spring-tides are low ;
 When sweet airs come sea-ward
 From heaths starr'd with broom,
 And high rocks throw mildly 130
 On the blanched sands a gloom ;
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright sea-weed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry. 135
 We will gaze, from the sandhills,
 At the white, sleeping town ;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing: "There dwells a loved one, 140
 But cruel is she !
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XLI.

Clear and Cool.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
 Under the crag where the ousel sings, 5
 And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
 Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
 Play by me bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl; 10
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
 Darker and darker the farther I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow;
 Who dare sport with the sin-defiled? 15
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and
 child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
 The floodgates are open, away to the sea,
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along, 20
 To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
 As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
 Undefiled, for the undefiled; 25
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.
 C. KINGSLEY.

XLII.

To the Cuckoo.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice:
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

 While I am lying on the grass, 5
 Thy twofold shout I hear;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery ;

The same when in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd-for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ; 25
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be 30
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee.

W. WORDSWORTH.

XLIII.

The Sands of Dee.

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,

And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!"
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam, 5
 And all alone went she.
 The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see; 10
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
 And never home came she.
 Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?
 A tress of golden hair,
 Of drownèd maiden's hair 15
 Above the nets at sea:
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes at Dee!
 They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam, 20
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea:
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands o' Dee.

C. KINGSLEY.

XLIV.

The Shell.

SEE what a lovely shell,
 Small and pure as a pearl,
 Lying close to my foot,
 Frail, but a work divine,

Made so fairily well 5
 With delicate spire and whorl,
 How exquisitely minute,
 A miracle of design !

What is it ? A learned man
 Could give it a clumsy name. 10
 Let him name it who can,
 The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
 Void of the little living will
 That made it stir on the shore. 15
 Did he stand at the diamond door
 Of his house in a rainbow frill ?
 Did he push, when he was uncurled,
 A golden foot or a fairy horn
 Through his dim water-world ? 20

Slight to be crushed with a tap
 Of my finger-nail on the sand ;
 Small, but a work divine ;
 Frail, but of force to withstand,
 Year upon year, the shock 25
 Of cataract seas that snap
 The three-decker's oaken spine
 Athwart the edges of rock
 Here on the Breton strand !

LORD TENNYSON.

XLV.

Horatius.

LARS Porsena of Clusium,
 By the Nine Gods he swore,

- That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it, 5
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.
- East and west and south and north 10
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home, 15
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.
- The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place, 20
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine; 25
- From lordly Volaterrae
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
From seagirt Populonia, 30
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisae,
 Queen of the western waves, 35
 Where ride Massilia's triremes
 Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
 From where sweet Clanis wanders
 Through corn and vines and flowers;
 From where Cortona lifts to heaven 40
 Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill;
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill; 45
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman 50
 Is heard by Auser's rill;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer; 55
 Unharm'd the water fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvest of Arretium,
 This year, old men shall reap,
 This year, young boys in Umbro 60
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna,
 This year, the must shall foam,
 Round the white feet of laughing girls
 Whose sires have marched to Rome. 65

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand :
Evening and morn the Thirty 70
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given : 75
“ Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome ;
And hang round Nurscia's altars 80
The golden shields of Rome.”

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten : 85
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.

A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

For all the Etruscan armies 90
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally ;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came 95
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign 100
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days, 105
For aged folks on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes,
That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters 110
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sun-burned husbandmen
With reaping hooks and staves,
And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine, 115
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of waggons
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods, 120
Choked every roaring gate.
Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky. 125
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

- To eastward and to westward 130
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain; 135
Astur hath stormed Janiculum
And the stout guards are slain.
- I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat, 140
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall. 145
- They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly : 150
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."
- Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear; 155
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust 160
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer,
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud, 165
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right 170
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line, 175
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian, 180
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo. 185
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;
And Astur of the four-fold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold, 190
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

- Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium 195
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame. 200
- But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman 205
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.
- But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low, 210
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
- " Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge, 215
What hope to save the town ? "
- Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late. 220
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

- “ And for the tender mother,
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame ?
225
- “ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
235
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ? ”
240
- Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius ;
245
Of Titian blood was he :
“ I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
- “ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“ As thou sayest, so let it be.”
250
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
255
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great : 260
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman 265
More hateful than a foe,
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold : 270
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man 275
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below. 280

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold. 285
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,

As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, 290
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose: 295
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way; 300

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium 305
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar. 310

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus,
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius 315
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

- Then Ocnus of Falerii
 Rushed on the Roman Three ; 320
 And Lausulus of Urgo,
 The rover of the sea ;
 And Aruns of Volsinium,
 Who slew the great wild boar,
 The great wild boar that had his den 325
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
 Along Albinia's shore.
- Herminius smote down Aruns,
 Lartius laid Ocnus low : 330
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowds shall mark 335
 The track of thy destroying bark ;
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns when they spy
 Thy thrice-accursèd sail."
- But now no sound of laughter 340
 Was heard among the foes.
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array, 345
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.
- But hark ! the cry is Astur :
 And lo ! the ranks divide :

And the great Lord of Luna 350
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield. 355
He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter 360
Stand savagely at bay :
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way ? "
Then, whirling up his broadsword,
With both hands to the height, 365
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh : 371
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.
He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space ; 375
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out 380
Behind the Tuscan's head.

- And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak. 385
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.
- On Astur's throat Horatius 390
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here! 395
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"
- But at his haughty challenge,
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread, 400
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place. 405
- But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance 410
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,

Come to the mouth of the dark lair,
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood. 415

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack :
But those behind cried " Forward !"
And those before cried " Back !"
And backward now and forward 420
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel ;
And the victorious trumpet-peal 425
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud. 430
" Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city ; 435
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread :
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way, 440
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied ;

- And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide. 445
- "Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
- "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!"
Back, ere the ruin fall!" 450
- Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
- But when they turned their faces, 455
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.
- But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam, 460
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops 465
Was splashed the yellow foam.
- And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane, 470
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career.
Battlement, and plank, and pier
Rushed headlong to the sea. 475

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Twice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus, 480
With a smile on his pale face,
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ; 485
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river 490
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“Oh, Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day !” 495
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow 500
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges 505
They saw his crest appear,

All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, 510
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows ; 515
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood 520
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin. 525

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ;
"Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !"
"Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena, 530
"And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ; 535
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate, 540
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night; 545
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie

It stands in the Comitium, 550
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold, 555
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them 560
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old. 565

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow.

And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage 570
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ; 575
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets, 580
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the good man mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the good-wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ; 585
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

PART II.

XLVI.

Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,

The tide of time flow'd back with me,

The forward-flowing tide of time;

And many a sheeny summer-morn,

Adown the Tigris I was borne,

By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,

High-walled gardens green and old ;

True Mussulman was I and sworn,

For it was in the golden prime

Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop rustling thro'

The low and bloomed foliage, drove

The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove

The citron-shadows in the blue:

By garden porches on the brim,

The costly doors flung open wide,

Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,

And broider'd sofas on each side :
In sooth it was a goodly time, 20
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal 25
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept. 30
A goodly place, a goodly time
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on 35
My shallop thro' the star-strewn calm,
Until another night in night
I enter'd, from the clearer light
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb 40
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward ; and the clear canal 45
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,

Thro' little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow 50
Fall'n silver-chiming, seem'd to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid. 55

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-colour'd shells
Wander'd engrain'd. On either side,
All round about the fragrant marge,
From fluted vase, and brazen urn 60
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime 65
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung; 70
Not he: but something which possess'd
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,
Apart from place, withholding time, 75
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumber'd: the solemn palms were ranged

Above, unwoo'd of summer wind: 80
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green,
 And, flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond plots 85
 Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid, 90
 Grew darker from that under-flame:
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,
 In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank 95
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn— 100
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound,
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks, 105
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time,
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid. 110

With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.

Right to the carven cedarn doors, 115

Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,

After the fashion of the time,

And humour of the golden prime 120

Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight,
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers look'd to shame 125
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof

Of night new-risen, that marvellous time, 130

To celebrate the golden prime

Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes • 135

Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,

In many a dark delicious curl,

Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone; 140

The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich 145
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd 150
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him—in his golden prime,
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

LORD TENNYSON.

XLVII.

La Belle Dame sans Merci.

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done. 5

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew, 10

And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan. 20

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore; 30
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide
The latest dream I ever dream'd 35
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
 They cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!'

40

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I sojourn here
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing."

45

J. KEATS.

XLVIII.

Home they brought her Warrior dead.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry :
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved

5

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

10

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears— 15
 “Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

LORD TENNYSON.

XLIX.

The Girl describes her Fawn.

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at my own fingers nursed ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they—
 It had so sweet a breath ! and oft 5
 I blush'd to see its foot more soft
 And white,—shall I say,—than my hand ?
 Nay, any lady's of the land !

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet : 10
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race :—
 And when 't had left me far away
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay :
 For it was nimbler much than hinds, 15
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness ; 20

And all the spring-time of the year
 It only lovèd to be there.
 Among the beds of lilies I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
 Yet could not, till itself would rise, 25
 Find it, although before mine eyes :—
 For in the flaxen lilies' shade
 It like a bank of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed : 30
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus itself to fill,
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold 35
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold :—
 Had it lived long, it would have been
 Lilies without—roses within.

. A. MARVELL.

L.

The Death Bed.

WE watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak, 5
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

T. Hood.

II.

Requiescat.

STREW on her roses, roses
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee,
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath,
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

LII.

The Old Familiar Faces.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies; 5
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man: 10
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces. 15

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed; 20
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. LAMB.

LIII.

"Break, Break, Break!"

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy, 5

That he shouts with his sister at play!

Oh, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill; 10

But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15

Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

LIV.

The Skylarks.

IN AN EAST-END BIRD MARKET.

Oh, the sky, the sky, the open sky,

For the home of a song-bird's heart!

And why, why, and forever why

Do they stifle here in the mart?

Cages of agony, rows on rows, 5

Torture that only a wild thing knows;

Is it nothing to you to see

That head thrust out through the hopeless wire,

And the tiny life, and the mad desire

To be free, to be free, to be free? 10

Oh, the sky, the sky, the blue, wide sky,

For the beat of a song-bird's wings!

And why, why, and forever why?

Is the only song it sings.

Great, sad eyes, with a frightened stare, 15
Look through the wildering darkness there,
 The surge, the crowd, and the cry,
Fluttering wild wings beat and bleed,
And it will not peck at the golden seed,
 And the water is almost dry ; 20
And straight and close are the cramping bars,
From the dawn of mist to the chill of stars,—
 And yet it must sing or die !
Will its marred, hoarse voice in the city street
 Make any heart of you glad ? 25
It will only beat with its wings, and beat,
 It will only sing you mad.
Better to lie like this one dead,
Ruffled plumage on breast and head,
Poor little feathers for ever furled, 30
And only a song gone out of the world !
Where the grasses wave like an emerald sea,
 And the poppies nod in the corn,
Where the fields are wide and the wind blows free,
 This joy of the spring was born, 35
Whose passionate music loud and loud,
 In the hush and the rose of morn
Was a voice that fell from the sailing cloud
Midway to the blue above,—
A thing whose meaning was joy and love, 40
 Whose life was one exquisite outpouring
Of a sweet, surpassing note ;—
 And all you have done is to break its wing,
And to blast God's breath in its throat !
If it does not go to your hearts to see 45
The helpless pity of those bruised wings,

The tireless effort with which it clings
 To the strain and the will to be free,
 I know not how I shall set in words
 The meaning of God in this, 50
 For the loveliest thing in this world of His
 Are the ways and the songs of birds !

And the sky, the sky, the wide, free sky,
 For the home of the song-bird's heart !
 And why, why, and forever why 55
 Do they stifle here in the mart ?

SIR RENNELL RODD.

LV.

Arethusa.

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains—
 From cloud and from crag
 With many a jag, 5
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;—
 Her steps paved with green 10
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams :
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ; 15
 The Earth seem'd to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she linger'd towards the deep.

Then Alphéus bold,
On his glacier cold, 20
With his trident the mountains strook ;
And open'd a chasm
In the rocks ;—with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind 25
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below ; 30
The beard and the hair
Of the river god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight 35
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“ Oh, save me ! oh, guide me !
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair ! ”
The loud ocean heard, 40
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer ;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam ; 45
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream :—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main, 50

Alphéus rushed behind,—

As an eagle pursuing

A dove to its ruin

Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers

55

Where the Ocean Powers

Sit on their pearléd thrones :

Through the coral woods

Of the weltering floods,

Over heaps of unvalued stones ;

60

Through the dim beams

Which amid the streams

Weave a net-work of colour'd light ;

And under the caves,

Where the shadowy waves

65

Are as green as the forest's night :—

Outspeeding the shark

And the sword-fish dark,

Under the ocean foam,

And up through the rifts

70

Of the mountain cliffs

They pass'd to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains

In Enna's mountains,

Down one vale where the morning basks, 75

Like friends once parted

Grown single-hearted,

They ply their watery tasks.

At sunrise they leap

From their cradles steep

80

In the cave of the sheltering hill ;

At noon-tide they flow

Through the woods below
 And the meadows of Asphodel;
 And at night they sleep 85
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more. 90

P. B. SHELLEY.

LVI.

The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,— 5
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute 10
 To sounds that echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
 And Marathon looks on the sea:
 And musing there an hour alone, 15
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis, 20
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou, 25
My country ? on thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ? 30

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here ? 35
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must we but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead ! 40
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah ! no,—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall, 45
And answer, " Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come !"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine ! 50
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark, rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet— 55
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ? 60

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine ;
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant ; but our masters then 65
 Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
 That tyrant was Miltiades !
 Oh ! that the present hour would lend 70
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
 Exists the remnant of a line 75
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells; 80

In native swords and native ranks,

The only hope of courage dwells:

But Turkish force and Latin fraud

Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine! 85

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—

I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But, gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves. 90

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—

Where nothing, save the waves and I,

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine— 95

Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

LORD BYRON.

LVII.

Alexander's Feast, or, the Power of Music.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won

By Philip's warlike son—

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne; 5

His valiant peers were placed around,

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound

(So should desert in arms be crown'd);

The lovely Thais by his side

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—
 Happy, happy, happy pair
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire. 20
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above—
 Such is the power of mighty love !
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode 25
 When he to fair Olympia prest,
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
 the world.
 —The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ; 30
 A present deity ! they shout around ;
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god ; 35
 Affects to nod
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes; 40
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes
Bacchus ever fair and young, 45
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure, 50
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain!

The master saw the madness rise, 55
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse: 60
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood; 65
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies

With not a friend to close his eyes.
 —With downcast looks the joyless victor sate, 70
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below :
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see 75
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. 80
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning, 85
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying ;
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee !
 —The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause. 90
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again ; 95
 At length with love and wine at once oppress'd
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder 100

And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head :
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed he stares around. 105
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ! 110
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain : 115
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods. 120
 —The princes applaud with a furious joy :
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to
 destroy ;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And like another Helen, fired another Troy ! 125

—Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre 130
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds, 135
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ; 140
 She drew an angel down.

J. DRYDEN.

LVIII.

The Officer's Grave.

THERE is in the wide, lone sea
 A spot unmark'd but holy ;
 For there the gallant and the free
 In his ocean-bed lies lowly.
 Down, down, within the deep 5
 That oft to triumph bore him,
 He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
 With the salt waves dashing o'er him.
 He sleeps serene and safe
 From tempest or from billow, 10
 Where the storms that high above him chafe
 Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
 The sea and him in death
 They did not dare to sever :
 It was his home while he had breath : 15
 'Tis now his rest for ever !

Sleep on, thou mighty dead !

A glorious tomb they've found thee ;

The broad blue sky above thee spread :

The boundless waters round thee. -

20

H. F. LYTE.

LIX.

Ozymandias of Egypt.

I MET a traveller from an antique land

Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,

Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,

5

Tell that its sculptor well these passions read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,

The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;

And on the pedestal these words appear :

"My name is Ozymandias, King of kings :

10

Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !"

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,

The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY.

LX.

**Lines Written on hearing the News of the Death of
Napoleon.**

WHAT ! alive and so bold, O earth ?

Art thou not over-bold ?

What ! leapest thou forth as of old !

In the light of thy morning mirth,

The last of the flock of the starry fold ?— 5
 Ha ! leapest thou forth as of old ?
 Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
 And canst thou move, Napoleon being dead ?

How ! is not thy quick heart cold ?
 What spark is alive on thy hearth ? 10
 How ! is not *his* death-knell knolled,
 And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth ?
 Thou wert warming thy fingers old
 O'er the embers covered and cold,
 Of that most fiery Spirit, when it fled— 15
 What, Mother, dost thou laugh now he is dead ?

“ Who has known me of old,” replied Earth,
 “ Or who has my story told ?
 It is thou who art over-bold.”
 And the lightning of scorn laughed forth 20
 As she sung, “ To my bosom I fold
 All my sons when their knell is knolled ;
 And so with living motion all are fed,
 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

“ Still alive, and still bold,” shouted Earth : 25
 “ I grow bolder, and still more bold.
 The dead fill me ten-thousand fold
 Fuller of speed and splendour and mirth.
 I was cloudy and sullen and cold,
 Like a frozen chaos uprolled, 30
 Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
 My heart grew warm : I feed on whom I fed.

“ Ay, alive, and still bold,” muttered Earth,
 “ Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled

In terror and blood and gold, 35
 A torrent of ruin to death from its birth.
 Leave the millions who follow to mould
 The metal before it be cold;
 And weave into his shame, which, like the dead,
 Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled." 40
 P. B. SHELLEY.

LXI.

Bruce to his Army.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour, 5
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or Freeman fa', 15
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free! 20

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do—or die !!!

R. BURNS.

LXII.

The Corsair's Life.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
 Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
 Survey our empire, and behold our home !
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway— 5
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
 Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious slave !
 Whom soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ; 10
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !
 Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot please—
 Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
 The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play, 15
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
 And turn what some deem danger to delight ;
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
 And where the feeble faint—can only feel— 20
 Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?

No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
 Save that it seems even duller than repose ;
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of life— 25
 When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife ?

LORD BYRON.

LXIII.

To a Waterfowl.

WHITHER, midst falling dew
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide, 10
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air— 15
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere ;
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near. 20

“Fool,” he answer’d, “death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home. 15

“My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, ‘Stay for shame’;
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame. 20

“God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.”

LORD TENNYSON.

LXV.

Lord Ullin’s Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, “Boatman, do not tarry!
And I’ll give thee a silver pound
To row us o’er the ferry!”

“Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, 5
This dark and stormy water?”

“O I’m the chief of Ulva’s isle,
And this, Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together, 10
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonnie bride, 15
When they have slain her lover? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady— 20

“ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace, 25
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer, 30
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies, 35
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o’er her. 40

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :

Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, thro' storm and shade 45
His child he did discover;—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! Come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water; 50
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!”

'Twas vain; the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child, 55
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

LXVI.

The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms 5
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone, 10
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man, 15
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again ! 20
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport, 25
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more :
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ? 30
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind, 35
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair. 40

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;

Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace
 And reconciles man to his lot.

W. COWPER.

LXVII.

**How they brought the Good News from Ghent
 to Aix.**

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
 undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit, 11
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see; 15
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half
 chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up-leaped of a sudden the sun.
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back 25

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay
spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff : 40

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! " and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight 45
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round, 55
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent. 60

R. BROWNING.

LXVIII.

The Vision of Belshazzar.

THE King was on his throne,
 The Satraps throng'd the hall:
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall
The fingers of a Hand 10
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand :
The fingers of a man ;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran, 15
And traced them like a wand.
The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice ; 20
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”
Chaldea’s seers are good, 25
But here they have no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel’s men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ; 30
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.
A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king’s command, 35
He saw that writing’s truth ;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow it proved true ! 40

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay;
 The shroud his robe of state;
 His canopy the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!"

LORD BYRON.

LXIX.

Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neighed
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
 Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
 And louder than the bolts of heaven
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;

And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave, 25
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet, 30
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL.

LXX.

The Journey Onwards.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love, 5
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl of vanished years,
We talk with joyous seeming— 10
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;

While memory brings us back again

Each early tie that twined us,

Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then

To those we've left behind us !

15

And when, in other climes, we meet

Some isle or vale enchanting,

Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,

And nought but love is wanting ;

20

We think how great had been our bliss

If Heaven had but assigned us

To live and die in scenes like this,

With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve

25

When eastward darkly going,

To gaze upon that light they leave

Still faint behind them glowing,—

So, when the close of pleasure's day

To gloom hath near consigned us,

30

We turn to catch one fading ray

Of joy that's left behind us.

T. MOORE.

LXXI.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,

And bends the gallant mast ;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,

While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves

Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
 I heard a fair one cry ; 10
 But give to me the snoring breeze
 And white waves heaving high ;
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home, 15
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud ;
 But hark the music, mariners !
 The wind is piping loud ; 20
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

LXXII.

Ode to Creation.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim ;
 The unwearied sun from day to day 5
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale, 10
 And, nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;

While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found? 20
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

J. ADDISON.

LXXIII.

The Traveller.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote, 5
 Supported by Thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please; 10
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes

Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep 15
 In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
 And fear in every heart;
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free;
 Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
 My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung 25
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid; the winds retired,
 Obedient to Thy will; 30
 The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
 At Thy command was still.

J. ADDISON.

LXXIV.

A Vision.

I SAW Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright:—
 And round beneath it, Time, in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres, 5
 Like a vast shadow moved; in which the World
 And all her train were hurl'd.

H. VAUGHAN.

LXXV.

Solitude.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire; 6
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
 Together mixt, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

A. POPE.

LXXVI.

The Search for Peace.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
 Let me once know.
 I sought thee in a secret cave,

And ask'd, if Peace were there ?
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No :— 5
Go seek elsewhere."

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat :
I will search out the matter. 10
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The Crown Imperial : Sure, said I, 15
Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man :
Whom when for peace 20
I did demand, he thus begun :
" There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

" He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save 25
His life from foes.
But after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set. 30

" It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse,

That virtue lies therein ;
 A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth 35
 By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
 "And grows for you ;
 Make bread of it:—and that repose
 And peace, which everywhere, 40
 With so much earnestness, you do pursue,
 Is only there."

G. HERBERT.

LXXVII.

True Growth.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day 5
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

BEN. JONSON.

LXXVIII.

Look Forward !

FEAR death ? to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past. 16
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou Soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

R. BROWNING.

LXXIX.

The Toys.

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him and dismissed

With hard words and unkissed, 5
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
From his late sobbing wet.
And I with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach, 15
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art, 20
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said :
Ah ! when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death, 25
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good ;
Then, fatherly, not less 30
Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
“ I will be sorry for their childishness.”

COVENTRY PATMORE.

LXXX.

Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam.

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere :
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,
 And heavenward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character,
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
 We shall discern
 In it as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the Conqueror,
 That far-stretch'd power
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,
 Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North
 Some nation may

5

10

15

20

25

Yet undiscover'd issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice, 30
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your Empires fall, 35
And every Kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life, confute. 40

For they have watch'd since first
The World had birth:
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

W. HABINGTON.

LXXXI.

Joy cometh in the Morning.

COME with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet, 5
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet,
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling? 10
 O that man's heart were as fire, and could spring to
 her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
 For the stars and the winds are unto her
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her, 15
 And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
 And all the season of snows and sins;
 The days dividing lover and lover,
 The light that loses, the night that wins; 20
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
 And in green underwood and cover
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

A. C. SWINBURNE (Chorus from *Atalanta*).

LXXXII.

King Arthur's Apologia.

"AND spake I not too truly, O my knights?
 Was I too dark a prophet when I said
 To those who went upon the Holy Quest,
 That most of them would follow wandering fires,
 Lost in the quagmire? Lost to me and gone, 5
 And left me gazing at a barren board,
 And a lean Order—scarce returned a tithe—
 And out of those to whom the vision came
 My greatest hardly will believe he saw;
 Another hath beheld it afar off, 10

And leaving human wrongs to right themselves
 Cares but to pass into the silent life.
 And one hath had the vision face to face,
 And now his chair desires him here in vain,
 However they may crown him elsewhere. 15
 And some among you held that if the King
 Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow ;
 Not easily, seeing that the King must guard
 That which he rules, and is but as the hind
 To whom a space of land is given to plough, 20
 Who may not wander from the allotted field
 Before his work be done ; but, being done,
 Let visions of the night, or of the day
 Come as they will ; and many a time they come,
 Until this earth he walks on seems not earth, 25
 This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
 This air that smites his forehead is not air
 But vision—yea, his very hand and foot,
 In moments when he feels he cannot die
 And knows himself no vision to himself, 30
 Nor the High God a vision ; ye have seen
 What ye have seen," so spake the King. I knew
 Not all he meant.

LORD TENNYSON.

LXXXIII.

Seven Ages of Man.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant, 5

Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms ;
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad 10
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice, 15
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen, 20
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, 25
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, Act II., Scene vii.

LXXXIV.

Wise Counsel.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ; 5
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ; 10
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a lender nor a borrower be ; 15
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all—To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. 20

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act I., Scene iii.

LXXXV.

The Village Schoolmaster.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school ;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view, 5
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disaster in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ; 10
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew ; 15
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran—that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still ; 20
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot 25
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired, 30
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor, 35
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ; 40
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay ;

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
 Vain transitory splendour ! could not all 45
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ; 50
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found, 55
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

O. GOLDSMITH.

LXXXVI.

Cranmer's Prophecy of Queen Elizabeth.

Cranmer. LET me speak, sir,
 For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
 This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises 5
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be—
 But few now living can behold that goodness—

A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed ; Saba was never 10
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her, 15
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be loved and feared : her own shall bless her :
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her :
In her days every man shall eat in safety, 20
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. 25
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one, 30
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was
And so stand fixed : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant, 35
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches 40

To all the plains about him :—our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 45
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*, Act v., Scene v.

LXXXVII.

Mark Antony's Oration over the Body of Caesar.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus 5
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious :
If it were so, it were a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
(For Brutus is an honourable man, 10
So are they all, all honourable men)—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious ?
And Brutus is an honourable man. 15
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ; 20
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ? 25
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once not without cause, 30
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. 35

But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 40
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men !
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men. 45
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar ;
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will ;
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds, 50

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

55

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii. 60
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made ;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it, 65
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :
Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Caesar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ; 70
For, when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua, 75
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel 80
The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up 85
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. 90
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That give me public leave to speak of him. 95
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
 mouths, 100
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 105

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*, Act III., Scene ii.

LXXXVIII.

After Duncan's Murder.

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content : 5
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10
With them they think on ? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard : what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it ;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly ; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 25
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on ;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray be you ;

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ; 30
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
 Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this. 35

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou knowest that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown 40
 His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ? 44

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond 49
 Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens ; and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood :

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still :
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. 55
 So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act III., Scene ii.

LXXXIX.

King John and Hubert.

King John. COME hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much ! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath 5
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee. 10

Hubert. I am much bounden to your majesty.

King John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet,

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it go : 15
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience : if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth, 20
Sound on into the drowsy race of night ;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick, 25
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter. keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,—
 A passion hateful to my purposes ;
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes, 30
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts : 35
 But, ah, I will not !—yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act, 39
 By heaven, I would do it.

King John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me :—dost thou understand me ? 45
 Thou art his keeper.

Hubert. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

King John.

Death.

Hubert. My Lord ?

King John.

A grave.

Hubert.

He shall not live.

King John.

Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee : 50
 Remember.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act III., Scene iii.

XC.

The Quality of Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes 5
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein, doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy, is above this sceptred sway, 10
 It is enthronèd in the heart of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, Act IV., Scene i.

XCL.

Song.

" FALSE friend, wilt thou smile or weep
 When my life is laid asleep ?
 Little cares for a smile or a tear
 The clay-cold corpse upon the bier.
 Farewell ! Heigh ho ! 5
 What is this whispers low ?
 There is a snake in thy smile, my dear,
 And bitter poison within thy tear.
 " Sweet sleep ! were death like to thee,
 Or if thou couldst mortal be, 10

I would close these eyes of pain,
When to wake? Never again.

O world! farewell!

Listen to the passing bell!

It says, thou and I must part,
With a light and a heavy heart."

15

P. B. SHELLEY.

XCII.

The Ocean.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

5

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields

10

For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay.

15

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

20

And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake, 25
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, and spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free, 30
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow ; 35
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime 40
Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread fathomless alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy 46
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers ; they to me
Were a delight ; and, if the freshening sea 50
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear ;

For I was as it were a child of thee
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON.

XCIII.

The Traveller's Return.

SWEET to the morning traveller
 The song amid the sky,
 Where, twinkling in the dewy light,
 The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller 5
 The gales that round him play,
 When faint and heavily he drags
 Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun 10
 Full wearily toils he,
 The flowing water makes to him
 A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,
 And all is calm around,
 There is sweet music to his ear 15
 In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But O! of all delightful sounds
 Of evening or of morn,
 The sweetest is the voice of love
 That welcomes his return. 20

R. SOUTHEY.

XCIV.

The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him; 10
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow. 16

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him,

But half of our heavy task was done 25
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE.

XCV.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the Six Hundred.
 Forward the Light Brigade ! 5
 Charge for the guns ! he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ”
 Was there a man dismay'd ? 10
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd :
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die : 15
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred,

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them 20

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell 25
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while 30

All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke 35

Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, 40
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well 45
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ? 50
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred ! 55

LORD TENNYSON.

XCVI.

Ye Mariners of England.

YE mariners of England
 That guard our native seas !
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again 5
 To match another foe :
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell 15
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak 25
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors! 35
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow. 40
 T. CAMPBELL.

XCVII.

Napoleon and the British Sailor. 1804.

I LOVE contemplating—apart
 From all his homicidal glory—
 The traits that soften to our heart
 Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne 5
 Armed in our island every freeman,
 His navy chanced to capture one
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam; 10
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain, half way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white 15
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer. 20

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought 25
The live-long day, laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description!—such a wretched wherry 30
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,— 35
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;

And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows. 40

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood, 45
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And, in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon Channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned, 50
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad,
"But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had 55
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son." 60

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift 65
To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparté.

T. CAMPBELL.

XCVIII.

Napoleon's Farewell.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

FAREWELL to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame!
I have warred with a world which vanquished me only 5
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth; 10
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won;
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was
blasted, 15
Had still soared with eyes fixed on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France! But when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though withered, thy tear will unfold it again. 20
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice;
There are links which must break in the chain that
has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

LORD BYRON.

XCIX.

The British Soldier in China.

Last night among his fellow-roughs,
 He jested, quaff'd, and swore ;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown, 5
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.
 Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewilder'd, and alone, 10
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay ! tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame :
 He only knows, that not through *him* 15
 Shall England come to shame.
 Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd,
 Like dreams, to come and go ;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
 One sheet of living snow : 10
 The smoke, above his father's door,
 In gray soft eddyings hung :
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself, so young ?
 Yes, Honour calls !—with strength like steel 25
 He put the vision by :
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
 An English lad must die !

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent, 30
 Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
 Vain those all-shattering guns;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed, 35
 The strong heart of her sons!
 So, let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great. 40

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

C.

The Revenge.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
 And a pinnacle, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from
 far away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
 three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am
 no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
 gear, 5

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
 quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
 three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are
 no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore. 10

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war
that day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven;

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land 15

Very carefully and slow,

Men of Bideford in Devon,

And we laid them on the ballast down below;

For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain, 20

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,

And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly? 25

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
 devil, 30
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a
 hurrah, and so

The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety
 sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
 were seen, 35

And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea lane
 between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
 and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
 little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen
 hundred tons, 40

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
 tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us
 like a cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud, 45

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
 board lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went, 50

Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content ;

And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears

When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame ;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame. 60

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before ?

For he said, " Fight on ! fight on ! "

Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;

And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone, 65

With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said, "Fight on ! fight on !"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea, 70
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
all in a ring ;

But they dared not touch us again, for they feared
that we still could sting,

So they watched what the end would be.

And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we, 75

Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,

And half of the rest of us maim'd for life.

In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife ;

And the sick men down in the hold were most of
them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent ; 80

And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night

As may never be fought again !

We have won great glory, my men ! 85

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when ?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her
in twain !

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain ! " 90

And the Gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made
reply :

"We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to
let us go ;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow." 95

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried : 100

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true ;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die !"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true, 105

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few ;

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they
knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the
deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien
 crew, 110
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
 own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
 from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to
 moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
 quake grew, 115
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
 masts and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
 shatter'd navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the
 island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

LORD TENNYSON.

CL.

The Peel Life-Boat.

OF Charley Cain, the cox,
 And the thunder of the rocks,
 And the ship St. George,
 How he balked the sea-wolf's gorge
 Of its prey— 3
 Southward bound from Norraway;
 And the fury and the din;
 And the horror and the roar,
 Rolling in, rolling in,
 Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore. 10

See, the Harbour master stands,
Cries—"Have you all your hands?"
Then, as an angel springs
With God's breath upon his wings,
She went; 15
And the black storm robe was rent
With the shout and with the din
And the horror and the roar
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore. 20
And the castle walls were crowned,
And no woman lay in swoond,
But they stood upon the height
Straight and stiff to see the fight,
For they knew 25
What the pluck of men can do
With the fury and the din
And the horror and the roar, etc.
"Lay aboard her, Charley lad,"
"Lay aboard her!—Are you mad? 30
With the bumping and the scamper
Of all this loose deck hamper,
And the yards
Dancing round us here like cards,"
With the fury and the din, etc. 35
So Charley scans the rout,
Charley knows what he's about,
Keeps his distance, heaves the line—
"Pay it out there true and fine!
Not too much, men! 40
Take in the slack, you Dutchmen!"
With the fury, etc.

Now the hawser's fast and steady,
And the traveller rigged and ready.
Says Charley—"What's the lot?" 45
"Twenty-four." Then like a shot—
"Twenty-three,"
Says Charley, "'s all I see"—
With the fury, etc.

"Not a soul shall leave the wreck," 50
Says Charley, "Till on deck
You bring the man that's hurt."
So they brought him in his shirt—
Oh, it's fain
I am for you, Charles Cain— 55
With the fury, etc.

And the captain and his wife,
And a baby! odds my life!
Such a beauty! such a prize!
And the tears in Charley's eyes. 60
Arms of steel,
For the honour of old Peel,
Haul away amid the din, etc.

Sing ho! the seething foam!
Sing ho! the road for home! 65
And the hulk they've left behind,
Like a giant stunned and blind
With the loom
And the boding of his doom—
With the fury and the din; 70
And the horror and the roar,
Rolling in, rolling in,
Rolling in upon the dead lee-shore.

T. E. BROWN.

CII.

Battle of the Baltic.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone; 5
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat, 10
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path, 15
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene; 20
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each
gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships, 25
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane, 30
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale 35
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :— 40
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.” 45

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day : 50
While the sun look'd smiling bright,
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise ! 55
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep 60
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true, 65
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles, 70
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

T. CAMPBELL.

PART III.

CIII.

On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same. 10
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O, welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she. 20
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss; 25
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew 30
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more! 35
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled, 40
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. 45
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt 50
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,

'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
 Short-liv'd possession ! but the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there 55
 Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
 A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 60
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd ;
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, 65
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, 75
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear, 80
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
 But no—what here we call our life is such

So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, 90
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay; 95
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"

And thy loved consort on the dang'rous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 The howling winds drive devious, tempest tossed,
 Sails ript, seams op'ning wide and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course. 105

But oh! the thought that thou art safe and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise— 110
 The son of parents passed into the skies!

And now, farewell. Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again; 115
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;

And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

120

W. COWPER.

CIV.

Milton.

O MIGHTY-MOUTHED inventor of harmonies,
 O skilled to sing of time or eternity,
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,
 Milton, a name to resound for ages ;
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel, 5
 Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyræan,
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring, 10
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,
 Where some refulgent sunset of India
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
 And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods 15
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

LORD TENNYSON.

CV.

The Messenger's Story.

OCCASIONS drew me early to this city ;
 And, as the gates I enter'd with sunrise,

The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little I had despatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 5
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre, 10
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng,
On banks and scaffolds, under sky might stand; 15
I, among these, aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought, 20
In their state livery clad: before him pipes
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataphraets and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout 25
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd, 30
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force;
None daring to appear antagonist,
At length, for intermission's sake, they led him,
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 35

(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile,
With both his arms, on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He, unsuspecting, led him; which, when Samson 40
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved;
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
“Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed 45
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.” 50
This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd;
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew 55
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round, 60
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

J. MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*.

CVI.

Address to Light.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee 5
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and, at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle didst invest 10
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite !
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian Pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight 15
 Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs, 25
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, 30
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two, equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides, 35
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark 45
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with an universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight. 55

J. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iii. 1-55.

CVII.

On his Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best 10
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. MILTON.

CVIII.

Milton.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour ;
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea, 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. WORDSWORTH.

CIX.

On the Castle of Chillon.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless mind !
 Brightest in dungeons Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consigned, 5
 To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country, conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod 10
 Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON.

CX.

When I have Borne in Memory.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
 Great nations ; how ennobling thoughts depart—
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
 The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed

I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ? 5
 Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
 Verily, in the bottom of my heart
 Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

But dearly must we prize thee ; we who find
 In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ; 10
 And I by my affection was beguiled :

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
 Among the many movements of his mind,
 Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

W. WORDSWORTH.

CXI.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee
 And was the safeguard of the West ; the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth ;
 Venice the eldest child of Liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free ; 5
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
 And when she took unto herself a mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,— 10
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

W. WORDSWORTH.

CXII.

England and Switzerland.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains ; each a mighty voice :

In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee 5
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left— 10
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

CXIII.

Shakespeare.

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality ;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure, 10
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so !
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CXIV.

The Uses of Adversity.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile;
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, 5
 The seasons' difference; as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 "This is no flattery; these are counsellors 10
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt, 15
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, Act II., Scene i.

CXV.

Dissolution of the World.

OUR revels now are ended: these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, 5
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life 10
 Is rounded with a sleep.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Tempest*, Act iv., Scene i.

CXVI.

Wolsey's Farewell.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell :
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, 5
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ; 10
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ? 15
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, 20
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And—prithee, lead me in ;
 There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe, 25
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies. 30

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*, Act III., Scene ii.

CXVII.

The Favour of Princes.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, 5
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 10
 But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye : 15
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ; 20
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*, Act III., Scene ii.

CXVIII.

Soliloquy on Sleep.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness? 5
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state, 10
 And lulled with sound of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast, 15
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them 20
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night, 25
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?—Then happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act III., Scene i.

CXIX.

The Visionary Dagger.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but 5
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going; 10
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing: 15
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder, 20
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear 25
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me. 30
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, Act II., Scene i.

CXX.

Hamlet on his Dull Revenge.

Hamlet. How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, He that made us with such large discourse, 5
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event, 10
 A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom
 And ever three parts coward, I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do";
 Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me: 15
 Witness this army of such mass and charge
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure 20
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then, 25
 That have a father killed, a mother stained,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame, 30
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? Oh, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. 35

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act IV., Scene iv.

CXXI.

Cassius upon Caesar.

WHY, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates: 5
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that Caesar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name; 10
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed 15

That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ? 19
 When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?

W. SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*, Act I., Scene ii.

CXXII.

The Future.

A WANDERER is man from his birth.
 He was born in a ship
 On the breast of the river of Time ;
 Brimming with wonder and joy
 He spreads out his arms to the light, 5
 Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.
 Whether he wakes
 Where the snowy mountainous pass,
 Echoing the screams of the eagles, 10
 Hems in its gorges the bed
 Of the new-born clear-flowing stream ;
 Whether he first sees light
 Where the river in gleaming rings
 Sluggishly winds through the plain ; 15
 Whether in sound of the swallowing sea—
 As is the world on the banks,
 So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream 20
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed.
Only the tract where he sails
He wots of; only the thoughts, 25
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough? 30
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear 35
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure? 40

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt 45
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the star-lit Arabian waste?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him?

As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
 Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
 As the pale waste widens around him,
 As the banks fade dimmer away,
 As the stars come out and the night-wind 85
 Brings up the stream
 Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CXXIII.

Ode to Duty.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law 5
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them; who, in love and truth 10
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth:
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not:
 Oh! if through confidence misplaced 15
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
 And happy will our nature be

When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security. 20
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried, 25
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd 30
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control, 35
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds, 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
 I call thee: I myself commend 50
 Unto thy guidance from this hour;
 Oh, let my weakness have an end!
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;
 The confidence of reason give; 55
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.

W. WORDSWORTH.

CXXIV.

Pain.

THE man that hath great griefs I pity not;
 'Tis something to be great
 In any wise, and hint the larger state,
 Though but in shadow of a shade, God wot!

Moreover, while we wait the possible, 5
 This man has touched the fact,
 And probed till he has felt the core, where, packed
 In pulpy folds, resides the ironic ill.

And while we others sip the obvious sweet—
 Lip-licking after-taste 10
 Of glutinous rind, lo! this man hath made haste,
 And pressed the sting that holds the central seat.

For thus it is God stings us into life,
 Provoking actual souls
 From bodily systems, giving us the poles 15
 That are His own, not merely balanced strife.

Nay, the great passions are His veriest thought,
Which whoso can absorb,
Nor, querulous halting, violate their orb,
In him the mind of God is fullest wrought. 20

Thrice happy such an one ! far other he
Who dallies on the edge
Of the great vortex, clinging to a sedge
Of patent good, a timorous Manichee,

Who takes the impact of a long-breathed force, 25
And fritters it away
In eddies of disgust, that else might stay
His nerveless heart, and fix it to the course.

For there is threefold oneness with the one ;
And he is one, who keeps 30
The homely laws of life ; who, if he sleeps,
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who schools himself to think
With the all-thinking, holding fast the link 35
God-riveted that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
Not partial, knowing them
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem
Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains. 40

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavour
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

T. E. BROWN.

CXXV.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;

How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ; 30
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour :— 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ; 50
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood. 60

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

“One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ; 110
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the churchway-path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay 115
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. GRAY.

CXXVI.

"Flower in the Crannied Wall."

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies ;—
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all, 5
 I should know what God and man is.

LORD TENNYSON.

CXXVII.

The River of Life.

THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages :
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth, 5
 Ere passion yet disorders,
 Steals lingering like a river smooth,
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheeks grow wan,
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker, 10
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,
 Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
 And life itself is vapid,
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death, 15
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
 Time's course to slower speeding,
 When one by one our friends have gone
 And left our bosoms bleeding? 20

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
 Indemnifying fleetness;
 And those of youth, a seeming length,
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

T. CAMPBELL.

CXXVIII.

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—

That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singing of summer in full-throated ease. 10

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O, for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim. 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, 25
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 30

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night, 35
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,

Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays :
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ; 45
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, 49
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod. 60

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down !
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path 65
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. 70

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades 75
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ? 80

J. KEATS.

CXXIX.

Youth and Age.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young ! 5
 When I was young ?—Ah, woful when !
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands 10
 How lightly then it flash'd along :
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide ! 15
 Naught cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys that came down shower-like, 20
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
 O youth ! for years so many and sweet, 25
 'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—

It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
 And Thou wert aye a masker bold ! 30

What strange disguise hast now put on
 To make believe that Thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this alter'd size :
 But Springtide blossoms on thy lips, 35
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !

Life is but Thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve ! 40
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve

When we are old :

—That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave, 45

Like some poor nigh-related guest
 That may not rudely be dismissed,
 Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CXXX.

Lycidas.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn; 20
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill :
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ; 35
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :—
As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
Or taint-worn to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ? 51
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream : 55
 Ay me ! I fondly dream—
 Had ye been there. . . . For what could that have
 done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, 75
 And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
 Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears ;
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies : 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beak'd promontory:
They knew not of his story; 95
And sage Hippotadés their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopé with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe:
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge!"
Last came, and last did go
The Pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold! 115
Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least 120
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it then? What need they? They are
 sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
 —But that two-handed engine at the door 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alphéus; the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues. 135
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears 150
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise :—
Ah me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,
—Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
—And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead, 166
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky : 171
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the
waves ;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the Saints above
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
 rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. MILTON.

CXXXI.

Time.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea, whose waves are years!
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
 Claspest the limits of mortality, 5
 And, sick of prey yet howling on for more,
 Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore!
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
 Who shall put forth on thee,
 Unfathomable Sea? 10

P. B. SHELLEY.

CXXXII.

Elegy.

OH snatch'd away in beauty's bloom !
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom : 5

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead ! 10

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain ?
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou, who tell'st me to forget, 15
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

CXXXIII.

To Meadows.

YE have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been filled with flowers,
 And ye the walks have been
 Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they 5
 With wicker arks did come
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing
 And seen them in a round: 10
 Each virgin like a spring,
 With honeysuckles crowned.

But we see none here
 Whose silvery feet did tread,
 And with dishevelled hair 15
 Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
 Your stock, and needy grown,
 You're left here to lament
 Your poor estates, alone. 20

R. HERRICK.

CXXXIV.

Rose Aylmer.

O WHAT avails the sceptred race
 O what the form divine,
 What every virtue, every grace,
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine!
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes 5
 May weep but never see,
 A night of memories and sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

W. S. LANDOR.

CXXXV.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape 5
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempé or the dales of Arcady ?
What men or gods are these ? what maidens loth ?
What mad pursuit ? what struggle to escape ?
What pipes and timbrels ? what wild ecstasy ? 10
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave 15
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair ! 20
Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
And happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love ! 25
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young ;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. 30
Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
What little town by river or sea shore, 35
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?

And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 40

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral! 45

When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. 50

J. KEATS.

CXXXVI.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!"

GET thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curved,
 Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
 Is snatched from out his chariot by the hair,
 So shall time be; and as the void car, hurled
 Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the world: 5
 Yea, even as chariot-dust upon the air,
 It shall be sought and not found anywhere.

Get thee behind me, Satan. Oft unfurled,
 Thy perilous wings can beat and break like lath
 Much mightiness of men to win thee praise, 10
 Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow ways.
 Thou still, upon the broad vine-sheltered path,
 May'st wait the turning of the phials of wrath
 For certain years, for certain months and days.

D G. ROSSETTI.

CXXXVII.

The Light of Other Days.

OFT in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears. 5
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken ! 10
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all 15
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone 20
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night 25
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

T. MOORE.

CXXXVIII.

Friends Departed.

THEY are all gone into the world of light !

And I alone sit lingering here ! -

Their very memory is fair and bright,

And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast, 5

Like stars upon some gloomy grove,

Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest

After the Sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,

Whose light doth trample on my days ; 10

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,

Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy Hope ! and high Humility !

High as the Heavens above !

These are your walks, and you have showed them me,

To kindle my cold love. 16

Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just !

Shining nowhere but in the dark ;

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,

Could man outlook that mark ! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may know

At first sight if the bird be flown ;

But what fair dell or grove he sings in now

That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams 25

Call to the soul when man doth sleep,

So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,

And into glory peep.

H. VAUGHAN.

CXXXIX.

The Flower

ONCE in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
 The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went 5
 Through my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent,
 Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall,
 It wore a crown of light, 10
But thieves from o'er the wall
 Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
 By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried, 15
 " Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
 He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed. 20

And some are pretty enough,
 And some are poor indeed ;
And now and again the people
 Call it but a weed.

LORD TENNYSON.

CXL.

Death the Leveller.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. SHIRLEY.

CXLI.

On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

MORTALITY, behold and fear
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
 Here they lie, had realms and lands, 5
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,
 Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
 They preach, " In greatness is no trust."
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royallest seed 10
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin :
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 " Though gods they were, as men they died !"
 Here are sands, ignoble things, 15
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. BEAUMONT.

CXLII.

The Last Conqueror.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
 Though you bind-in every shore
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day, 5
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
 Each able to undo mankind, 10
 Death's servile emissaries are ;
 Nor to these alone confined,
 He hath at will -
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art, 15
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. SHIRLEY.

CXLIII.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow 5
 Of Windsor's height th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way. 10

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
 Ah fields beloved in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow 15
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breath a second spring. 20

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball ? 30

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain 35
The limits of their little reign
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue, 45
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-dāy :
Yet see how all around 'em wait 55
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men ! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth, 65
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try 75
And hard Unkindness alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe. 80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins, 85
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age. 90
 To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate 95
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise. 100
T. GRAY.

CXLIV.

The Unity of Existence.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below and all above.
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend,
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place 5
 Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endued,
 Press to one centre still, the general Good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again ; 10

All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
 Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole; 15
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made Beast in aid of man, and man of Beast;
 All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown. 20

A. POPE, *Essay on Man*, Bk. iii., ll. 7-26.

CXLV.

The Nature and State of Man.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side, 5
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
 In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err; 10
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such
 Whether he thinks too little or too much:
 Chaos of Thought and Passion all confused,
 Still by himself abused or disabused;
 Created half to rise and half to fall; 15
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
 Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurled,
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

A. POPE, *Essay on Man*, Bk. ii, ll. 1-18.

CXLVI.

The Genius of the East.

A GREAT Angora watched his collieship,
 And throned in monumental calm, surveyed
 His effervescence, volatility,
 Clamour on slight occasion, fussiness,
 Herself immobile, imperturbable, 5
 Like one whose vision seeks the Immanent
 Behind the symbols and appearances,
 The face within this transitory mask.
 And as her eyes with indolent regard
 Viewed his upbubbings of ebullient life, 10
 She seemed the Orient Spirit incarnate, lost
 In contemplation of the Western Soul!
 Even so, methought, the genius of the East,
 Reposeful, patient, undemonstrative,
 Luxurious, enigmatically sage, 15
 Dispassionately cruel, might look down
 On all the fever of the Occident;—
 The brooding mother of the unfilial world,
 Recumbent on her own antiquity,
 Aloof from our mutations and unrest, 20
 Alien to our achievements and desires,
 Too proud alike for protest or assent
 When new thoughts thunder at her massy door;—
 Another brain dreaming another dream,
 Another heart recalling other loves, 25
 Too grey and grave for our adventurous hopes,
 For our precipitate pleasures too august,
 And in majestic taciturnity
 Refraining her illimitable scorn.

WILLIAM WATSON.

CXLVII.

The Thames in Chaucer's Day.

FORGET six counties overhung with smoke,
 Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,
 Forget the spreading of the hideous town;
 Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,
 And dream of London small and white and clean, 5
 The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green;
 Think, that below bridge the green lapping waves
 Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,
 Cut from the yew-wood on the burnt-up hill,
 And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill, 10
 And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,
 Florence gold cloth and Ypres napery,
 And cloth of Bruges and hogsheads of Guienne;
 While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
 Moves over bills of lading—amid such times 15
 Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

CXLVIII.

The Lotos-Eaters.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seemed always afternoon.
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon, 5
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams ! some, like a downward smoke, 10
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go ;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river sea-ward flow
From the inner land : far off, three mountain tops, 15
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset flushed : and, dewed with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West : through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down 21
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale ;
A land where all things always seemed the same !
And round about the keel with faces pale, 25
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake, 35
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child and wife and slave ; but evermore 40
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, "We will return no more";
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam." 45

CHORIC SONG.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
 blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,
 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest: why should we toil alone, 60
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
 Nor ever fold our wings,
 And cease from wanderings, 65
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
 "There is no joy but calm!"
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
 things?

- Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days, 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast rooted in the fruitful soil.
- Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85
Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? 95
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
ease.
- How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100

Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whispered speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day, 105
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
And their warm tears : but all hath suffered change :
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold 120
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain. 125
The Gods are hard to reconcile :
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath, 130
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still, 135
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine 140
To watch the emerald-coloured water falling
Through many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak; 145
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. 155
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curled

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
 deeps and fiery sands, 160

Cianging fights and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
 and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
 song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
 the soil, 165

Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil;
 Till they perish, and they suffer—some 'tis whispered
 —down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
 shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
 and oar;

Oh, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

LORD TENNYSON.

CXLIX.

Kubla Khan.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man

Down to a sunless sea. 5

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion 25
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war ! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device, 35
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,

And on her dulcimer she play'd, 40
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long, 45
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair! 50
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CL.

Ulysses.

IT little profits that, an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea; I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honoured of them all ; 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45

Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ; 50
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends, 55
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho' 65
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

LORD TENNYSON.

CLI.

Ode to the West Wind.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :
Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and Preserver, Hear, oh hear !
Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed, 16
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning ! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, 25
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers 35
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
 And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share 45
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed 50
 Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd 55
 One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone, 60
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
 Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
 And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ? 70

P. B. SHELLEY.

CLII.

Nature and the Poet.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :
 I saw thee every day ; and all the while
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air ! 5
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
 It trembled but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm ! It seem'd no sleep,
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings : 10
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then—if mine had been the painter's hand
 To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
 The light that never was on sea or land, 15
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
 Amid a world how different from this !
 Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;
 On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
Elysian quiet without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide ; a breeze ;
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made ; 30
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control ;
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ; 35
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been ;
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the
friend

If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well, 45
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves, 50
 —Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

—Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
 Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55
 Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

W. WORDSWORTH.

CLIII.

Upon Westminster Bridge.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. WORDSWORTH.

CLIV.

"The World is too much with us."

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon ;

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,— 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

W. WORDSWORTH.

CLV.

To a Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight: 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flow'd. 30

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody;— 35

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not: 40

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower: 45

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view: 50

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
thieves. 55

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:

I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

We look before and after
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now! 105

P. B. SHELLEY.

CLVI.

Hymn of Apollo.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
 Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—
 Waken me when their mother, the grey Dawn, 5
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and, climbing heaven's blue dome,
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,

Leaving my robe upon the ocean-foam ;—

My footsteps pave the clouds with fire, the caves 10
Are filled with my bright presence ; and the air
Leaves the green Earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;
All men who do or even imagine ill 15
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of Night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,
With their ethereal colours ; the moon's globe, 20
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers,
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe ;
Whatever lamps on earth or heaven may shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven ; 25
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle? 30

I am the eye with which the universe,
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine ;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of Art or Nature ;—to my song 35
Victory and praise in their own right belong.

P. B. SHELLEY.

CLVII.

The Eagle.

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls, 5
And like a thunder-bolt he falls.

LORD TENNYSON.

CLVIII.

To Night.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, 5
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, 10
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

BLANCO WHITE.

CLIX.

The Nile.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands 5
That roamed through the young world, the glory
extreme

Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng, 10
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

LEIGH HUNT.

CLX.

The Praise of Athens.

THE fruitful, immortal, anointed, adored,
Dear city of men without master or lord,
Fair fortress and fostress of sons born free,
Who stand in her sight and in thine, O Sun,
Slaves of no man, subjects of none; 5
A wonder enthroned on the hills and sea,
A maiden crowned with a fourfold glory
That none from the pride of her head may rend,

Violet and olive-leaf purple and hoary,
 Song wreath and story the fairest of fame, 10
 Flowers that the winter can blast not or bend;
 A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,
 A name as his name,
 Athens, a praise without end.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

CLXI.

The Ballad of East and West.

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
 shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
 Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
 nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
 from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-
 side, 5
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
 Colonel's pride:
 He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
 dawn and the day,
 And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
 far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
 of the Guides:
 "Is there never a man of all my men can say where
 Kamal hides?" 10

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar :

“ If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

“ At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win
to the Tongue of Jagai. 16

“ But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is
sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen.” 20

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and
the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long
at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can
fly, 25

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made
the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling
ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now
if ye can ride." 30

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a
barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head
above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady
plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between, 35

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a
man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled
the rider free. 40

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room
was there to strive,

"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye ride so
long alive :

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a
clump of tree

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

“If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in
a row; 45

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,

The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till
she could not fly.”

Lightly answered the Colonel's son; “Do good to bird
and beast,

But count who come for the broken meats, before thou
makest a feast. 50

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,

Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a
thief could pay.

“They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their
men on the garnered grain,

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all
the cattle are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren
wait to sup, 55

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn—howl, dog, and
call them up.

“And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer, and
gear, and stack,

Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own
way back!”

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey-wolf meet. 60

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God she has carried a man!" 65

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end, "Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?" 70

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest,

“ Now, here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who leads a
troop of the Guides, 75
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder
rides.

“ Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp, and board,
and bed ;
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all her
foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace
of the Border-line, 80

And thou must make a trooper tough, and hack thy
way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
leavened bread and salt :

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod, 85

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the
wondrous names of God.

The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s boy
the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty
swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer. . . 90

“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son. “Put
up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night
’tis a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,* 95

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come
from the ends of the earth!* 100

RUDYARD KIPLING.

CLXII.

The Mameluke Charge.

LET the Arab courser go
Headlong on the silent foe;
Their plumes may shine like mountain snow,
Like fire their iron tubes may glow,
Their cannon’ death on death may throw, 5
Their pomp, their pride, their strength, we know,
But—let the Arab courser go.

The Arab horse is free and bold,
His blood is noble from of old,
Through dams, and sires, many a one, 10
Up to the steed of Solomon.
He needs no spur to rouse his ire,
His limbs of beauty never tire,
Then, give the Arab horse the rein,
And their dark squares will close in vain. 15

Though loud the death-shot peal, and louder,
He will only neigh the prouder ;
Though nigh the death-flash glare, and nigher,
He will face the storm of fire ;
He will leap the mound of slain, 20
Only let him have the rein.
The Arab horse will not shrink back
Though death confront him in his track,
The Arab horse will not shrink back
And shall his rider's arm be slack ? 25
No !—By the God who gave us life,
Our souls are ready for the strife.
We need no serried lines to show
A gallant bearing to the foe.
We need no trumpet to awake 30
The thirst, which blood alone can slake.
What is it that can stop our course,
Free riders of the Arab horse ?
Go—brave the desert winds of fire ;
Go—beard the lightning's look of ire ; 35
Drive back the ravening flames, which leap
In thunder from the mountain steep ;
But dream not men of fifes and drums,
To stop the Arab when he comes :
Not tides of fire, not walls of rock, 40
Could shield you from that earthquake shock.
Come, brethren, come, too long we stay,
The shades of night have rolled away,
Too fast the golden moments fleet,
Charge, ere another pulse has beat ; 45
Charge—like the tiger on the fawn,
Before another breath is drawn.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

CLXIII.

The Castaway.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
 The Atlantic billows roared,
 When such a destined wretch as I,
 Washed headlong from on board,
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
 His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
 Than he with whom he went,
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
 With warmer wishes sent. 10
 He loved them both, but both in vain
 Nor him beheld nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
 Expert to swim, he lay ;
 Nor soon he felt his strength decline, 15
 Or courage die away ;
 But waged with death a lasting strife,
 Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had fail'd
 To check the vessel's course, 20
 But so the furious blast prevail'd,
 That, pitiless perforce,
 They left their outcast mate behind,
 And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ; 25
 And such as storms allow,
 The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
 Delay'd not to bestow.

But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die 35
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd ; 40
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried ' Adieu ! '

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling waves, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
Of narrative sincere, 50
That tells his name, his worth, his age
Is wet with Anson's tear :
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date :

But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
We perish'd each alone :
But I beneath a rougher sea, 65
And 'whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

W. COWPER.

CLXIV.

Rosabelle.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

" Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew ! 5
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

" The blackening wave is edged with white ;
In the To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ; 10
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

" Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ; 15
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall. 20

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,—
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night 25
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ; 30
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud, 35
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold 45
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
 Each one the holy vault doth hold—
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.
 And each Saint Clair was buried there,
 With candle, with book, and with knell; 50
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CLXV.

Before Sedan.

HERE, in this leafy place,
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies;
 'Tis but another dead, 5
 All you can say is said.
 Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves;
 Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves; 10
 So this man's eye is dim;—
 Throw the earth over him.
 What was the white you touched,
 There at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched 15
 Tight ere he died;—
 Message or wish, may be;—
 Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled ! 20
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child ;—
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

 Look. She is sad to miss, 25
 Morning and night,
 His—her dead father's—kiss ;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet.
 That is all. "Marguerite." 30

 Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain !
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain !
 If the grief died ;—But no ;— 35
 Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CLXVI.

The Love of Angels.

AND is there care in heaven ? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move ?
 There is : else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But O ! th' exceeding grace 5
 Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
 And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels He sends to and fro
 To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave 10
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skies like flying Pursuivant
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward, 15
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward.
 O! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

E. SPENSER.

CLXVII.

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 10
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

W. COLLINS.

CLXVIII.

The Things on which Life Depends.

THERE are flashes struck from midnights,
 There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
 Whereby piled-up honours perish,
 Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,

While just this or that poor impulse,
 Which for once had play unstifled,
 Seems the sole work of a life-time
 That away the rest have trifled.

5

R. BROWNING.

CLXIX.

"Nothing is either Small or Great."

ALL service ranks the same with God :
 If now, as formerly He trod
 Paradise, His presence fills
 Our earth, each only as God wills
 Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we ; there is no last or first.

5

Say not "a small event"; why "small" ?
 Costs it more pain that this, ye call
 A "great event," should come to pass,
 Than that ? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in or exceed !

10

R. BROWNING.

CLXX.

Say not, the Struggle nought availeth.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,

5

Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain, 10
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly, 15
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

NOTES.

PAGE NO.

4. II. Sennacherib was king of Assyria (705-681 B.C). By Orientals he is known as King Moussul. He went with an army against Jerusalem, but his army was destroyed by the Angel of Death. "And the Lord sent an angel, which cut off all the mighty men of valour, and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria" (*Old Testament*).
5. II. 1. 21. Ashur, the chief god of the Assyrians.
5. II. 1. 22. Baal, the god of the sun.
8. VI. This is an extract from the play of *Henry V*. In these words the king rebukes his cousin, the Earl of Westmoreland, for wishing for more men to fight the French with. The words are spoken just before the battle of Agincourt, which was fought on October 25th, 1415. The English gained a complete victory chiefly through the skill of their archers. Eleven thousand Frenchmen were left dead on the field of battle.
9. VI. 1. 12. yearns me not, vexes me not.
9. VI. 1. 21. stomach = courage, heart.
9. VI. 1. 32. Saint Crispian, the patron saint of cobblers. His festival is on October 25th.
9. VI. 11. 38, 39. Names of famous English noblemen who fought at the battle of Agincourt.
10. VII. 1. 3. thorpe = small village ; byre = cattle-shed.
10. VII. 1. 8. Thor, the god of thunder and lightning in the Scandinavian mythology. The strokes of his hammer made the lightning, and the wheels of his chariot the thunder.
 Odin was the chief of the gods in the Scandinavian mythology, and, like Zeus, the father of all other gods and men.
 Carlyle in the first of his lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship gives an eloquent description of the old Scandinavian mythology. "The primary characteristic of this old North-land Mythology, I find to be Impersonation of the visible work-

PAGE NO

ings of Nature. Earnest simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark hostile Powers of Nature they figure to themselves as giants, huge shaggy beings of démoniac character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are giants. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun are gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart in perennial internecine feud."

14. IX. l. 15. *genii*, spirits. The Greeks believed that every stream and wood had its presiding deity.
15. IX. l. 34. *Arion*, the Greek minstrel, was saved from drowning in the sea by a dolphin.
15. IX. l. 34. *Nereid*, a nymph of the sea, literally a daughter of *Nereus*, an old sea-god in Greek mythology.
15. IX. l. 35. *Tom*, *Susan*, names of a man and female domestic servant respectively.
19. XII. *Agassiz* was a celebrated naturalist. He was born at *Freibourg* in Switzerland in 1807. He was especially interested in the natural history of fish, and wrote several books on this subject. *The Fishes of Brazil* is his best known work.
19. XII. l. 3. *Pays de Vaud*. The Canton of Switzerland bordering on the north side of the Lake of Geneva.
19. XII. l. 26. *Ranz des Vaches*, the sound of the cowbells. In Switzerland the cows have bells round their necks so that if they are lost in a mist on the mountains the herdsman may be able to follow them up by the sound of their bells.
20. XIII. l. 1. *Lammas*, feast of first-fruits on August the first.
24. XV. *Chapman*, an Elizabethan poet who translated Homer into English verse.
24. XV. l. 4. *Apollo*, the god of poetry.
24. XV. l. 11. *Cortez* (1485-1547) was a great discoverer. He discovered lower California, and conquered Mexico.
24. XV. l. 14. *Darien*, a mountain on the isthmus of Panama.
27. XXI. l. 1. *jo*, sweetheart, darling.
27. XXI. l. 2. *acquaint*, acquainted.
27. XXI. l. 4. *brent*, smooth, without wrinkles.
27. XXI. l. 7. *pow*, head.
28. XXI. l. 10. *clamb*, climbed.
28. XXI. l. 11. *mony a canty day*, many a happy day.
28. XXI. l. 12. *wi' ane anither*, with one another.
28. XXI. l. 13. *maun*, must.
28. XXI. l. 15. *thegither*, together.

PAGE NO.

73. XLVI. l. 11. **Haroun Alraschid**, 765-809 A.D. He was the most famous of the Caliphs of the East. Under him the Arabs reached the zenith of their imperial greatness. Haroun was a friend of the Emperor Charlemagne. His adventures form a part of the *Arabian Nights*.
74. XLVI. l. 23. **platans**, plane trees.
75. XLVI. l. 70. **bulbul**. A Persian name for the nightingale.
87. LV. **Arethusa** was the nymph of the fountain of Arethusa, in the island of Ortygia, near Syracuse, in Sicily.
88. LV. l. 19. **Alphéus** is the chief river of Peloponnesus. This river is supposed to join the Arethusa under seas. The old Greek myth on which this poem is founded says that the river god Alphéus fell in love with the nymph Arethusa, and pursued her under the sea. The poem is full of geographical difficulties, which, however, need not spoil its beauty.
88. LV. l. 24. **Erymanthus**. A high mountain in Arcadia, where the river Alphéus rises.
88. LV. l. 36. **Dorian deep**. Ionian Sea.
89. LV. l. 74. **Enna**, a town in the centre of Sicily.
90. LV. l. 87. **Ortygia**, an island close to Syracuse, just off the coast.
90. LVI. l. 2. **Sappho**, the greatest poetess in the world. She was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. She lived about 600 B.C., but her exact date is uncertain.
90. LVI. l. 4. **Delos**. One of the Cyclades, islands in the Aegean Sea. At Delos was the sanctuary of Phoebus Apollo.
90. LVI. l. 7. **Scian and Teian Muse**. Scio or Chios was one of the seven cities of Greece that claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. Hence Homer is called the Scian bard. Anacreon, a celebrated lyric poet who lived at the court of Polycrates of Samos, was a native of Teos, a town in Ionia.
90. LVI. l. 12. **Islands of the Blest**. Supposed to be the Cape de Verde Islands or the Canaries. See Tennyson's *Ulysses*.
90. LVI. l. 13. **Marathon**. It was in the plain of Marathon that Miltiades the Athenian defeated the Persians, 490 B.C.
91. LVI. l. 19. **A king**. This was Xerxes, who watched the battle of Salamis from a throne on a little island that commanded a full view of the Gulf of Salamis, 480 B.C.
91. LVI. l. 42. **Leonidas** and his 300 Spartans died defending the pass of Thermopylae against the Persians, 480 B.C.
92. LVI. l. 50. **Samian**. The island of Samos is off the coast of Asia Minor, near the promontory of Mycale.
92. LVI. l. 52. **Scio's vine** was famous in antiquity.
92. LVI. l. 59. **Cadmus**, the son of the king of Phoenicia, brought the knowledge of letters to the Greeks from his own country.
92. LVI. l. 64. **Polycrates**, king of Samos about 550 B.C.

PAGE NO.

92. LVI. l. 67. **Chersonese.** Miltiades, after the battle of Marathon, tried to make himself king of the Chersonese. The Chersonese was the old name for the Crimea—the Dardanelles.
92. LVI. l. 74. **Suli and Parga,** towns on the coast of Albania.
92. LVI. l. 78. **Heracleidan.** The kings of Lydia called themselves Heracleidae, because they considered themselves the descendants of Heracles, the god of strength and heroism.
93. LVI. l. 91. **Sunium.** The promontory of Sunium was sacred in the time of Homer. "It towers in impressive majesty above the sea" (Byron).
93. LVII. **Alexander the Great,** the son of Philip of Macedon, overthrew the Persian Empire by his victory over Darius at the battle of Arbela, B.C. 331.
93. LVII. l. 9. **Thais.** Tradition tells us that it was she who incited Alexander to set fire to Persepolis. See ll. 122-125 of this poem.
94. LVII. l. 16. **Timotheus.** This Timotheus is said to have been a native of Thebes. We are told that his music made so powerful an impression on Alexander, that on one occasion the monarch started from his seat and seized Timotheus by the arms.
94. LVII. l. 26. The lady's name was really **Olympias.**
95. LVII. l. 38. **Bacchus,** the god of wine.
95. LVII. l. 61. **Darius.** This was Darius III., the Persian king, whom Alexander had defeated at Arbela.
96. LVII. l. 79. **Lydian measures.** Soft and soothing strains.
97. LVII. l. 107. **The Furies.** The furies were the avenging deities of the Greeks, who tracked down the criminal and brought back his ill deeds on his own head.
97. LVII. l. 125. It was **Helen** who brought about the Trojan war.
98. LVII. l. 132. Tradition says that **Cecilia** invented the organ, the instrument of church music, and that an angel came down from heaven to listen to her playing. The legend, however, has no historical foundation.
99. LIX. **Ozymandias,** a mythical king of Egypt, identified by some with Memnon.
101. LXI. **Robert Bruce,** who in 1323 was crowned king of Scotland, totally defeated Edward II., king of England, at the battle of Bannockburn, 1314. In this poem he addresses his soldiers before the battle. The Scots in 1297, under Sir William Wallace, had revolted against Edward I., but they were completely defeated at the battle of Falkirk in 1298, and Wallace was betrayed to the English and put to death (1305). Bruce revenged Wallace at Bannockburn.
101. LXI. l. 1. **wha hae,** who have; **wi',** with.
101. LXI. l. 15. **fa',** fall.

PAGE NO.

109. LXVII. There appears to be no historical foundation for this poem.
109. LXVII. Ghent, a town in East Flanders on the river Scheldt.
109. LXVII. Aix, Aix-la-Chapelle is about 40 miles west of Cologne, and is the capital of Aix-la-Chapelle, a province of Rhenish Prussia. The town at one time belonged to France, but was ceded to Prussia in 1815. The distance from Ghent to Aix is about 100 miles. The other towns mentioned in the poem lie between Ghent and Aix.
111. LXVIII. Belshazzar, the son of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, "made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand in the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple of the Jews at Jerusalem. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. . . . Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing. Then was Daniel brought in before the king, and made known unto him the meaning of the writing which foretold the overthrow of the kingdom of Babylon." Babylon was taken by Cyrus in 538 B.C.
112. LXVIII. l. 29. Babel, Babylon.
113. LXIX. The battle of Hohenlinden was fought on December 2, 1800, between the Austrians, under Archduke John, and the French, under Moreau, one of Napoleon's generals. The battle took place near Munich, the capital of Bavaria.
114. LXIX. l. 23. Frank, Frenchman.
114. LXIX. l. 23. Hun, Hungarian.
117. LXXIII. l. 12. Tyrrhene Seas, the sea on the north-west coast of Italy.
120. LXXVI. l. 23. Salem, Jerusalem.
124. LXXX. Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam, "One night certifieth another."
126. LXXXII. King Arthur here addresses his Knights of the Round Table after they had returned from the Quest of the Holy Grail. The Holy Grail was the cup which Jesus Christ used at the Last Supper. This speech of Arthur is one of the finest passages Tennyson has ever written. It nobly expresses the faith of those men who, "though bound in duty's iron round," believe that the spiritual eye does not thereby become less clear. We need not be on the watch for visions of the night or of the day. They are more likely to come after the common task has been finished faithfully.
127. LXXXII. l. 12. the silent life, *i.e.* Become a monk and live in a monastery.

PAGE NO.

130. LXXXV. l. 40. The game of goose resembles backgammon. The twelve rules, ascribed to Charles I., were, such as, "reveal no secrets," "make no long meals," etc.
131. LXXXVI. **Cranmer** was archbishop in the reign of Henry VIII. (1532). He was burnt at the stake in Oxford, 1556, because he refused to become a Roman Catholic in Queen Mary's reign.
132. LXXXVI. l. 27. **phoenix**, a fabulous bird said to exist 500 years single, and to rise again from its own ashes.
133. LXXXVII. Julius Caesar was murdered in B.C. 44 by a number of conspirators, of whom Brutus and Cassius were the chief. Antony, his friend and lieutenant, speaks over his murdered body to the Roman citizens.
134. LXXXVII. l. 23. **Lupercal**, the place where Romulus and Remus, the mythical founders of Rome, were suckled by the wolf. Here it means a yearly festival, held on February 15th on this spot, in honour of Lupercus, the god of fertility.
135. LXXXVII. l. 60. **the Nervii**, a tribe of Gaul.
135. LXXXVII. l. 75. **Pompey the great** had been Caesar's rival for the supremacy in Rome. Caesar defeated him at the battle of Pharsalus.
139. LXXXIX. This passage is from "King John." The king discloses to Hubert de Burgh, his chamberlain, his wish to have his little nephew Arthur killed. Arthur was the son of Geoffrey of Anjou, who had married a daughter of Henry I. He was therefore the rightful heir to Anjou, Maine, and Touraine. John wished these lands for himself, as well as England and Normandy. Arthur was put to death at his command in 1203.
143. XCII. l. 27. **Armada**. The Spanish Armada was defeated in the English Channel in 1588, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
143. XCII. l. 27. **Trafalgar**, Nelson defeated the French and Spanish Fleet at the battle of Trafalgar on October 21, 1805.
145. XCV. **Sir John Moore** was one of the Duke of Wellington's generals in the Peninsular War. He was killed at Corunna on January 16, 1809.
146. XCV. The charge of **Balaclava** took place on October 25, 1854, in the Crimean War. By some mistake 600 Englishmen were ordered to charge the whole Russian army. They cut their way right through the Russian ranks, but left more than two-thirds of their number dead or wounded.
148. XCVI. l. 15. **Blake** (1599-1657) was one of the greatest English admirals. He was a contemporary of Cromwell, and fought for him on sea against the Royalists. But his greatest battles were fought against Van Tromp, the famous Dutch admiral. After many a hard fight, Blake at last beat him in 1653.

PAGE NO.

148. **xcvi. l. 15.** Nelson was the "greatest sailor since the world began." He as much as Wellington saved England from the power of Napoleon. His greatest victories were the battle of the Nile, the battle of Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. He was killed at Trafalgar in 1805.
149. **xcvii. l. 5.** Boulogne, a town on the north coast of France.
152. **xcviii. l. 15.** the Eagle was the symbol of the Napoleonic Empire.
153. **xcix. The British soldier in China.** "Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities and commanded to perform the 'Kotou.' The Indians obeyed, but the English soldier refused, declaring he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive. He was immediately knocked on the head for this, and his body thrown on a dunghill." (From the *Times*.) This happened during the English campaign in China in 1860.
153. **xcix. l. 6.** Elgin, Lord Elgin was then the English Ambassador in China.
154. **xcix. l. 39.** Sparta's king. The reference is to Leonidas, who, with his 300, died defending the pass of Thermopylae against the Persians, 480 B.C.
154. **c. l. 1.** Azores, a group of islands in the middle of the North Atlantic. Flores is the name of one of them. They were discovered in 1447 by the Portuguese.
154. **c. l. 1.** Sir Richard Grenville was one of the great admirals of Queen Elizabeth's reign. This ballad celebrates the famous fight he fought with his little ship the *Revenge* against 53 ships of the Spaniards.
154. **c. l. 4.** Thomas Howard, Admiral of the Fleet in the reign of Elizabeth.
155. **c. l. 17.** Bideford, a seaport of North Devon in England.
155. **c. l. 21.** This alludes to the tortures of the Inquisition.
156. **c. l. 30.** Seville, the capital of a large province in the south of Spain called by the same name.
156. **c. l. 40.** San Philip, the name of one of the biggest of the Spanish ships.
156. **c. l. 46.** galleons, large Spanish war-ships.
160. **ci. l. 4.** sea-wolf's gorge, the name of some dangerous rocks.
160. **ci. l. 6.** Norraway, Norway.
162. **ci. l. 62.** Peel, a town on the coast of the Isle of Man.
163. **cii.** Nelson defeated the Danes at the battle of Copenhagen on April 2, 1801.
170. **civ. l. 5.** Gabriel, the angel who was sent by God to teach Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden.

PAGE NO.

170. CIV. l. 5. **Abdiel**, the faithful angel who withstood Satan when he persuaded the other angels to revolt.
170. CIV. l. 14. **ambrosial**. Tennyson is fond of this word. Ambrosia was the food of the gods, and conferred immortality on those who eat it. Tennyson uses the word loosely for anything rich in colour, odour, and bloom.
171. CV. l. 20. **Samson**, the Hercules of the Jews. He delivered the Israelites from the Philistines. This passage is from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, and describes how Samson avenged himself upon the Philistines by whom he had been made captive. "He took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life" (*Judges*, xvi. 29. 30).
171. CV. l. 24. **cataphracts**, cavalry soldiers; horse and man being in complete armour.
173. CVI. l. 14. **Stygian Pool**. The river Styx was the principal river of the lower world in Greek mythology. Over it the souls of the dead had to pass before they could enter Hades.
173. CVI. l. 18. **Chaos**, the state of the Universe before cosmos. Chaos, confusion, disorder. Cosmos, order, arrangement.
173. CVI. ll. 20-25. Cp. Milton's sonnet on his blindness, p. 174.
174. CVI. l. 35. **Thamyris** was a Thracian bard who challenged the muses to a singing match. He was defeated by them, and struck blind as a punishment for his audacity.
174. CVI. l. 35. **Maeonides**, Homer. Tradition says that he was blind.
174. CVI. l. 36. **Tiresias** was a native of Thebes, and was struck blind by the goddess Athena because he had seen her bathing. In compensation for the loss of his sight he was given the gift of prophecy.
174. CVI. l. 36. **Phineus** was a blind king of Thrace.
176. CIX. l. 13. **Bonnivard**, a native of Geneva, was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva, because he defended his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it in the first half of the seventeenth century. In connection with this sonnet Byron's longer poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," should be read.
177. CXI. **On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic**. Venice was usurped by the French under Napoleon in 1797 A.D.
177. CXI. l. 8. Venice was wedded to the sea each year. The Doges threw a gold ring into the sea to symbolize the mystical marriage.

PAGE NO.

177. CXII. **England and Switzerland.** Switzerland was made subject to the French by Napoleon in 1800 A.D. England alone in Europe retained her liberty. With her freedom could still find a home.
180. CXVI. **Wolsey** was the famous minister of King Henry VIII.
180. CXVI. l. 1. **Cromwell** was the minister who succeeded Wolsey in the favour of King Henry VIII.
182. CXVIII. **Soliloquy on Sleep.** This speech is spoken by Henry VI. of England.
183. CXIX. l. 20. **Hecate**, the Greek goddess of witchcraft and darkness.
184. CXIX. l. 31. **Duncan**, the king of Scotland, whom Macbeth was going to murder in order to get his crown.
185. CXXI. l. 2. **Colossus**, a gigantic statue. Cassius is here thinking of the Colossus of Apollo at Rhodes, which bestrode the entrance to the harbour.
187. CXXII. l. 26. **Rebekah.** "The damsel was very fair to look upon; and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up" (*Genesis*, xxiv. 16).
187. CXXII. l. 45. "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father in law: and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush" (*Exodus*, iii. 1, 2).
198. CXXVIII. l. 4. **Lethe-wards.** Towards Lethe, the river of forgetfulness—one of the rivers of the lower world in Greek mythology.
199. CXXVIII. l. 7. **Dryad**, a nymph of the trees; *drus*, Greek for an oak tree.
199. CXXVIII. l. 13. **Flora**, the goddess of flowers.
199. CXXVIII. l. 14. **Provençal.** Provence in S. France, was famous in the early Middle Ages for its ballad poetry. It was the land of the Troubadours, a class of poets famous for their love songs, who lived in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries.
200. CXXVIII. l. 37. **Fays**, fairies.
203. CXXX. In *Lycidas* Milton laments the death of a college friend named King, who was drowned in the Irish Channel. "Lycidas" is an elegy. An elegy is a song of mourning. The word is derived from the Greek *elegos*, lament.
203. CXXX. l. 8. **Lycidas**, a fanciful name for his friend, for the setting of the poem is pastoral. Milton and King were shepherds together, and "fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill." The whole poem is reminiscent of Theocritus and the pastoral poems of Virgil.

TABLE NO.

203. CXXX. l. 15. **Sisters of the sacred well**, the nine muses. The sacred well is the fountain of Aganippe or Hippocrene, in the mountain-range of Helicon, in Western Boetia, Greece.
204. CXXX. l. 34. **Fauns** were rural Latin gods, very like the satyrs of the Greeks, who were half goats, half men.
204. CXXX. l. 36. **old Damoetas** refers to Milton's tutor at Christ's College, Cambridge.
204. CXXX. l. 53. In North Wales are many Druidical remains. The Druids were the priests of the ancient Britons. Shaggy, because the island was covered with dense forest.
205. CXXX. l. 54. **Mona**, the Isle of Anglesey, off the coast of N. Wales.
205. CXXX. l. 55. **Deva**, the river Dee in Cheshire.
205. CXXX. l. 63. **Orpheus** was torn to pieces by Thracian women, and thrown into the river Hebrus.
205. CXXX. ll. 68, 69. **Amarylhis, Neaera**, fanciful names for the love-idols of poets.
205. CXXX. l. 75. **Atropos**, one of the three fates, is meant here.
206. CXXX. ll. 85, 86. **Arethuse and Mincius**. Arethuse, a river in Sicily. Mincius, a river in Italy. The two streams are here alluded to as representing the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Virgil respectively.
206. CXXX. l. 90. **Neptune**, the god of the sea.
206. CXXX. l. 96. **Hippotadés**, the god of the winds.
206. CXXX. l. 99. **Panopé**, a Nereid or nymph of the sea. Milton seems to think the ship in which his friend was drowned went down in smooth water.
206. CXXX. l. 103. **Camus**, the River Cam, on which Cambridge stands.
206. CXXX. l. 106. **that sanguine flower**, the hyacinth. Hyacinthus was a beautiful boy loved by the god Apollo. On his death Apollo changed him into the flower which bears his name. On its petals *al al* is scripted, i.e. alas! alas!
206. CXXX. l. 109. **The Pilot of the Galilean lake**, Peter, one of Jesus Christ's apostles, to whom He gave "the keys of Heaven and Hell."
- These and the following lines contain Milton's puritanical protest against the Ritualistic reform which was being enforced both in the Church of England and Scotland. The tendency seemed towards Rome again, and Milton, as the great mouthpiece of Puritanism, was deeply opposed to this.
207. CXXX. l. 132. **Alphéus**, a river in Southern Greece, supposed to join the Arethusa under the sea. See Shelley's "Arethusa."

PAGE MIX

207. cxxx. l. 133. **Sicilian Muse.** Theocritus wrote of the shepherds who fed their flocks on the lower slopes of Mount Etna.
207. cxxx. l. 138. **swart star**, the dog star.
208. cxxx. l. 149. **amaranthus**, a classical flower. Cf. Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters," "with amaranth and moly."
208. cxxx. l. 156. **Hebrides**, Islands off the N.W. coast of Scotland.
208. cxxx. l. 160. **Bellerus**, an old Cornwall giant. Cornwall once possessed a race of giants.
208. cxxx. l. 161. *i.e.* St. Michael's Mount. Tradition says that the angel Michael once appeared on the rock in Mount's Bay, Cornwall, which now bears his name. Milton thinks that, perhaps, Lycidas' body has floated towards the Land's End, and he calls on the angel Michael to pity him.
208. cxxx. l. 162. **Naumancos and Bayona** are two places not far from Finisterre. Finisterre is the land due south of St. Michael's Mount. See map of Cornwall and Spain and Portugal. The modern name for Naumancos is Mújio.
212. cxxxv. l. 7. **Tempé**, a valley in Thessaly, famous in Greek poetry.
212. cxxxv. l. 7. **Arcady**, Arcadia, the central province of the Peloponnesus, famous for its pastoral life, and the ideal land of pastoral poetry.
213. cxxxv. l. 41. **Attic**. Attica was the province of which Athens was the capital.
215. cxxxviii. ll. 23, 24. With these lines cp. Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayam*, the Persian astronomer poet :
- " Yet ah ! that spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close,
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah ! whence and whither flown again who knows ?"
219. cxliii. l. 4. **Eton College** was founded by Henry VI.
224. cxlvi. l. 1. **Angora cats** are the largest and most beautiful of their kind. Angora is a town in Asia Minor.
224. cxlvi. l. 1. **collieship**. A collie is a kind of sheep dog.
225. cxlvii. ll. 12, 13. **Ypres, Bruges**, towns in West Flanders. **napery**, linen. **Guienne**, a province in France in the South West.
225. cxlvii. l. 14. **Chaucer**. See note on the four periods of English poetry.
225. cxlviii. **The Lotos-Eaters**. Ulysses and his companions, amongst their many wanderings, came to the land of the Lotos-eaters. The lotus tree grew somewhere on the coast of North Africa, and sailors who came and ate of its fruit forgot

PAGE NO.

their homes, and wished for ever "in the hollow lotos land to live and lie reclined." Many of the crew of Ulysses' ship ate of this plant, and the larger part of the poem, called the "Choric Song," expresses the feeling of "dreamful ease," the sweet oblivion of all the weariness, the fever, and the fret of life, that came to them after they had eaten of the enchanted tree.

229. CXLVIII. l. 124. the little isle, *i.e.* Ithaca, one of the Ionian islands. Ulysses was king of Ithaca.
230. CXLVIII. l. 133. amaranth, a flower common in Greek poetry. It means, "the flower which does not fade." *moly*, also a Greek flower.
230. CXLVIII. 142. acanthus. The acanthus is a prickly plant with a yellow flower. In Greek architecture its leaves often formed the ornament of the capital of a pillar.
231. CXLVIII. l. 169. Elysian. Elysium was that part of Hades where the good and great men have their joyous abiding place.
231. CXLVIII. l. 170. asphodel, a kind of lily. The Elysian fields were covered with asphodel.
231. CXLIX. Kubla Khan (1259-1294 A.D.) practically ruled the whole of Asia. Under him China reached the height of her imperial greatness. Coleridge gives the following account of the creation of this poem: "In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which the author fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence or words of the same substance in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*: 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that, indeed, can be called composition in which the images rose up before him, as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink, and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained by him above an hour, and, on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that, though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream." . . .

PAGE NO.

233. CL. I. 10. **Hyades**, seven stars in the constellation of Taurus. They threaten rain when they rise at the same time as the sun. (Greek *hucin*, to rain.)
234. CL. I. 33. **Telemachus** was the son of Ulysses.
235. CL. I. 60. **the baths of all the western stars**. The old Greeks believed that the sun and the stars bathed in the stream of Oceanus which girdled the world.
235. CL. I. 63. **the Happy Isles**. Here, it was believed, was the Paradise of the great and good men of the world. They are called elsewhere the islands of the Blest, and thither the heroes who had lived brave and noble lives came after death and lived for ever in joy.
235. CL. I. 64. **Achilles**, the greatest of the Greeks who fought against the Trojans. He slew Hector the champion of the Trojans.
236. CL. I. 21. **Maenad**, a follower of Dionysus or Bacchus, the Greek god of wine. The Maenads were frenzied women worshippers of Dionysus, whom they followed with wild dances and songs. The word is derived from the Greek *mainesthai*, to be mad. The English word mania is of the same origin.
237. CL. II. 37, 38. "Plants under water sympathize with the seasons of the land, and hence with the winds which affect them" (Palgrave).
239. CL. II. I. 35. This line alludes to the death of Wordsworth's brother, John, who was shipwrecked.
239. CL. II. I. 41. **Beaumont**. Sir George Beaumont was a painter and friend of Wordsworth. This poem was suggested to Wordsworth by a picture by Beaumont of Peel Castle in a storm.
241. CL. IV. I. 13. **Proteus** was the herdsman of Neptune, the god of the sea. In classical mythology he is spoken of as an old man with the gift of prophecy, and the power to change his shape into fire, running water, etc. Hence the adjective 'protean,' i.e. readily assuming any shape.
241. CL. IV. I. 14. **Triton** was the son of Neptune. The roaring of the sea was thought by the ancients to be caused by Triton blowing through his horn.
244. CL. V. I. 66. **hymeneal**. Hymen was the god of marriage—hence chorus hymeneal = songs sung at a marriage.
247. CL. VIII. I. 7. **Hesperus**, the evening star.
248. CL. IX. I. 7. **Sesostris**, a Greek name for a famous king of Egypt. Under him Egypt extended her empire until it included Libya, Arabia, and part of Asia. The date of Sesostris is very uncertain—some historians say he reigned about 3712 B.C.
248. CL. IX. I. 8. **The laughing queen**. Cleopatra, whose beauty enslaved Mark Antony and possibly Julius Caesar.

PAGE NO.

249. CLXI. l. 9. **the Guides**, the name of a native Indian regiment, officered by Englishmen.
250. CLXI. l. 16. **Tongue of Jagai**, a narrow pass in the Himalayas.
250. CLXI. l. 11. **Ressaldar**, the Indian name for the native captain of a cavalry regiment.
254. CLXI. l. 86. **Khyber**, a mountain pass leading into Afghanistan from the frontier of India not far from the town of Peshawar. See map of India also for Bukloh and Abazai. The scene of the poem is the N. W. frontier of India.
255. CLXII. **The Mameluke Charge**. The Mamelukes were the slaves of the Beys in Egypt, who were brought from Caucasus and formed into a standing army. In 1254 A.D. these slaves raised one of their number to the supreme power, and they became the virtual rulers of Egypt for many centuries. Mohamed Ali, in 1811, annihilated the Mamelukes.
258. CLXIII. l. 52. **Anson** (1697-1753). Anson is one of the most famous English discoverers. He was in the English navy, and rose to be admiral of the fleet. He sailed right round the world, starting in September, 1740, and reaching England again on June 5, 1744. In 1748 he published his book *A Voyage Round the World*, which is one of the most popular books of travel in the English language.
259. CLXIV. l. 10. **inch, island**.
261. CLXV. **Before Sedan**. The Prussians inflicted a severe defeat on the French at the battle of Sedan, September 1, 1870.

NOTE ON RECITATION.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you trippingly on the tongue."

Its Importance. It may be truly affirmed that in no branch of the ordinary school work does a teacher so positively leave his own mark so deeply impressed upon his class as in their style of reading and recitation; and it may almost as truly be stated that in no other branch is the impress so generally worthless, not to say pernicious, in its effect. The cause is not far to seek; teachers are only beginning to realise, under the pressure of ministerial and external criticism, what an important place in the teaching of a language is occupied by reading and recitation, and now for the first time, after an interval of nearly two thousand years, are beginning to prepare themselves for the proper and most useful method of handling these subjects. What the Greek and Roman did from his boyhood upwards, the average teacher of English has just risen to the necessity of preparing to do, and soon may it be expected that the endeavour will prove its worth and that the inarticulate and often

distorted utterances of the mother-tongue will be replaced by clear and intelligent expression.

It is not attempted here, be it understood, to propound rules for elocution or voice-training, nor to extravagantly praise a particular form of recitation which may be described as the ultra-dramatic. It is merely desired in the first place to state briefly the place of recitation in language-teaching and afterwards to offer a few suggestions for making the recitation lesson more wholesomely educative and interesting than it is at present.

Definition. Strictly speaking, by "Recitation" is meant the reading aloud and distinctly of any passage in prose or verse—more usually the name is confined to the repeating from memory certain pieces from well-known prose-writers and poets specially selected on account of their wealth of phrase, grandeur of metaphor, picturesqueness of expression, and subtilty of humour. In the latter sense recitation may be said to begin at a very early stage in a child's education, and to take firm hold when the memory is strong. Though at this stage the fault is usually committed of overloading the child's memory with too many selections, sometimes most unadvisedly chosen, yet it is fair to say that a successful effort is generally made to train the infant lisp into a clear enunciation to which the natural euphony of the vocal organ at that age lends its aid. Thence onwards to manhood a sad deterioration goes on. Either recitation forms no part of the course of education or, where it is included, its purpose is misconceived.

Its Place in Language-teaching. A thoroughly impartial view of the value of this branch of language-teaching

will not consider the question of memory at all, though obviously the power of memory is very much affected, but will regard it purely on its merits as one factor in any complete system for the teaching of any language.

In its chief aspect, where an endeavour is made to obtain clear and fluent expression in a language, it is difficult to dissociate it from the teaching of reading; here the difference is merely one of degree:—points affecting the “technique” of recitation that are noticed in the reading lesson are generally more strongly emphasised in the recitation lesson; more attention is given to the connexion between the rhythm and meaning of a phrase, the sound and meaning of a word; more encouragement is given to the pupil’s power of realistic expression; more to his sympathy with the written sentiment; a finer delineation is made of each picture as it occurs; and generally, from the nature of the lesson, more is done to insure a clear, intelligent, and forcible enunciation of a given passage.

Viewed from other points, it may be claimed for recitation that, on the principle of “what we know best we like best,” it encourages the appreciation of good literature, that it builds a solid structure upon the foundations laid by reading, that it elicits a natural individuality which would oftentimes fail to issue forth through any other channel, and that, under careful guidance and with the exercise of due restraint, it develops an ability to make the study of a language more attractive and more appreciated.

The proportion of time which is at present devoted to this branch in an ordinary course is far too small—it can justly lay claim, if not to one half, at least to

one third of the time given up to reading—all the subsidiary parts of language-teaching which can be included in the reading lesson may equally well find a place in the recitation lesson with this additional value, that in the latter case they will probably be more firmly implanted in the mind.

The Recitation Lesson. In considering how the recitation lesson may be made both wholesomely educative and interesting it is difficult to dissociate from the mind two methods of treating it which were in vogue—the one in the English Public Schools, the other in the Elementary Schools—not many years ago. In the former case the method of “rep.” served mainly to develop various stratagems of cunning and deception, in reward of which an earlier and possibly a better breakfast was obtained—for “rep.” nearly always was heard in the first hour of the morning—in the latter that noisy and injurious habit of simultaneous reading and reciting was fostered, in which the one boy who knows leads the motley chorus of his comrades who never will know. The latter is rapidly fading out of existence. In its place attempts are being made to justify the fact that, given a clear and complete grasp of the subject-matter to be retained and an intelligent vision of the picture presented to the mind, the average boy is quite able to recite from memory a passage of reasonable length without any excessive need of “memorising” it.

There would appear to be two distinct sides to be taken into consideration in dealing with a passage for recitation, either in prose or verse, which we may call its literary and its technical sides.

Its Literary Side. In dealing with the literary side,

the teacher's aim should be, in the lower classes, to keep well in front of his pupils the pictorial and ethical impressions of the passage; in the higher classes, to give more attention to detailed criticism, analysis, and paraphrase.

By way of outline the following is suggested as a possible method of procedure in class, to be modified or extended according to the "power" of the pupils. In the first place a general idea of the piece must be conveyed to the class: this may be obtained by the reading of it through, either by the teacher or by a member of the class—where necessary, with the preface of an explanatory introduction briefly given by the teacher, or developed mainly from the experience of the class. The reading of it by a member of the class would be naturally followed by corrections and suggestions, and probably the teacher would read the piece again, while the class would listen without any reference being made as yet to copies or books. After this he would ask for an account of this general idea in the language of every-day life, and would thus bring into prominence the object of the writer, the purpose of the piece, and the lessons taught therein. He would then take each separate point or picture as it occurs in the piece and show its exact bearing. Explanation of difficulties in phrase, metaphor, or word would follow, varying very much in extent as the ability of the class required. He would conclude sometimes by getting a written summary, as nearly as possible in the original words, from each member in the class. His aim would be so far obtained if he could assure himself that his class felt and entered thoroughly into the spirit of the passage.

Its Technical Side. Anything which lends variety to the ordinary routine of class work and appeals to the practical or physical inclinations of the pupils is admittedly a most welcome implement in the teacher's hands. This the recitation lesson should most certainly do, for it is quite impossible to obtain success in this branch of teaching unless a very fair share of attention is paid to articulation and pronunciation.

Some teachers may consider it sufficient to vigorously enforce the pauses after commas, semicolons, and full stops, but this in reality is quite a misleading and unimportant rule.

Let us first treat the question of articulation. In order to ensure the easy hearing of every word by the audience, the words must be spoken distinctly. Few can do this without constant practice of certain exercises which are calculated to make the organs of speech more flexible and more elastic. To take one organ only, the tongue—by regularly practising its protrusion and withdrawal at regulated speed, its arching and curving upwards and downwards, very great control may be acquired in a short time.

Another kind of exercise which is at the same time interesting and profitable is the practice of difficult words and alliterative phrases. In handling this branch of the lesson the teacher often discovers a pupil who requires special treatment. Quite as important to good recitation is an accurate pronunciation—a pronunciation, that is, which could pass muster in an assembly of cultivated people. Few are free from eccentricities in this respect, and very few are

able to escape criticism. Where the stumbling block is the vowel, something may be done by practising the vocalisation of vowel-sounds, and continuing till they are delivered correctly. Where it is peculiarity of accent, or, as is found only among older pupils, affectation of certain dramatic, aristocratic, pedagogic, or clerical mannerisms, constant correction is necessary. Where, as is the case with oriental peoples who are learning the English language, certain combinations of consonants present great difficulty, a remedy may nearly always be found by exercising those organs of speech which are directly concerned.

After a certain degree of proficiency has been attained in these respects, there remain a few suggestions which a teacher may find interesting to adopt with his class. He would do well to bear in mind every word of advice contained in Hamlet's speech to the players, and to remember that above all it is necessary that his pupils feel intensely what they recite.

The position taken up by the reciter should be an easy and natural one; the head should be erect and the shoulders well thrown back; the voice should be aimed at the person farthest from him, not increased in force, but in clearness when required; gestures and vocal effects should never be overdone nor become ultra-dramatic; it should be remembered that the whisper is more powerful than the shout; special attention should be directed to the vowels and final consonants; the tone and modulation should always be suited to the style and meaning of the passage, and, what is perhaps the most essential point of all, every successive picture must be most vividly depicted.

and paused over so that no step may be missed by the hearers.

It is hoped that by just observance of some of these details a higher standard of recitation may be reached, and more encouragement given to what is evidently a most attractive and educative art.

A. V. HOUGHTON.

KHEDIVIEH SCHOOL,
CAIRO.

APPENDIX A.

CONTAINING THREE POEMS (ONE FROM EACH
PART) TREATED AS MODELS.

PART I.

NO. XIV. THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH

(AUSTIN DOBSON).

IN this poem, bearing in mind the class for which it is intended, the teacher should begin by

(a) **Model Reading**, wherein he should endeavour to tell the story of the poem in as attractive a way as it is written by the poet. He should thus naturally ask, by way of

(b) **Preface**, Of what country is the story told? Why? Who was Haroun Alraschid? Where did he rule? Cp. "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." Why was the carver poor? Who bought his wares? What was Haroun's jest? What advice did he give the carver? What was the effect of this advice?

(c) **Summary**. The story of the poem should then be told by one or two pupils in ordinary language, and at its completion the teacher would ask for an explanation of the last line. With a little help he would be able to extract from his class that the poem is a sort of allegory, in which is expressed the melancholy truth that men of genius often debase their powers to please the public and to amass wealth.

(d) **Questions on the meaning of words and lines.** (1-6),

Why are these lines bracketed? Where does the poem begin? How is its parable explained? What land is referred to in l. 6? Why is it "confiding"? Explain the irony of these lines. l. 8. Vagrant: What is the most usual sense of this word? l. 10. Where is Bagdad? ll. 13-18. What work does a carver do? What materials and what tools does he use? Is there anything hard to understand in his work? Thus the intricacy of design and pattern might be elicited, and some carvings shown to explain "mysteries of inlaid design," etc. What is inlaying? Why is the meaning of the shapes not clear to one who does not understand the art of carving? What is the force of the word "anointed"? [Explain with reference to the custom of anointing.] l. 21. "Askant": How is this word formed? a-skant, cp. a-slant. What does "skant" mean? With what word is it connected? l. 23. What is the opposite of the verb "depreciate"? l. 26. Explain the word "garnish." l. 30. Why did the Caliph act thus? l. 39. What is the meaning of "mart"? Why did the carver's work not sell well? What did the public want? Cp. ll. 45-48. l. 43. What is a theme? l. 47. Who are the couriers? Why does "posting" apply to them especially? l. 48. Where do you find "gossips" specially in the East? l. 56. Who are meant by the world here? l. 60. What had the carver gained? What had "the world" lost?

(e) **Questions on Grammar.** l. 2. Expand this line, so as to make it understood without the first line. l. 29. Parse the word "withdrawn." What case is it? l. 31. What part of speech is "within." l. 36. "but": is this the same "but" as in l. 16 and l. 41? l. 37. Give a sentence in which "beside" or "besides" is used as a preposition. l. 39. Paraphrase this line. Is there any difference in force between "this craft," and "this craft of thine"? l. 44. Use adjectives derived from the nouns to express this line. l. 45. What would you write generally instead of "that"? ll. 47, 48. Use the verbs "to post" and "to greet" with an object. l. 51. Give the tense of "neglect."

(f) **Hints for Recitation.** The style is narrative, and the general tone should be fluent and somewhat quick. The pictures to be prominently noticed are: 1. Haroun Alraschid wandering in Bagdad. 2. The carver and his work. 3. The carver's customers. 4. The carver despondent. 5. The visit of the

Caliph. 6. The Caliph's advice. 7. The subjects suggested by the Caliph. 8. The carver's prosperity.

How should these lines be recited to draw out their full significance? Lines 2, 6, 31-36, 51, 60.

Why should these words be emphatic? carver, shut, anointed, askant, depreciate, smote, three, deeper, plain, thrice as large, thrice the cost.

Care must be taken in l. 26 with "to garnish rich," where the sh and ch sounds come together.

(g) **Note on author.** Attention should be given to the point of the poem and to the author's position in the present day, other works of his referred to, and his style commented on.

PART II.

No. LXXXIII. THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

(SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ACT II. SC. 7).

SHOULD this be the first selection taken from the plays of Shakespeare by this class, it would be well to begin with a brief

(a) **Note on the poet,** in which the main incidents of his life should be given, the social life of his time described, the different types of his plays set forth, his place and influence in English literature emphasized, and, finally, his familiarity with an actor's life drawn out and applied. It is not necessary to detail any summary of this particular play, though it may be profitably done, since the extract stands out so clearly by itself.

(b) **Introduction.** A preliminary essay might have been written by the class on the various stages in the life of man, or the comparison of human life with other forms of life, and this passage could then be taken as a continuation. Why should Shakespeare adopt this simile? What, in reality, are human beings on the world's stage? cp. "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more." Then take the stages given by the class, and fit into them the corresponding periods of life found in the extract. Draw the external characteristics of each

stage out, and show how ethical studies may be made of them. Notice that the types selected by Shakespeare for manhood and middle age are those popular in his own time, and also specially full of character.

(c) **Model Reading** should next be given, either by a boy specially selected or by the teacher. In either case the teacher should see that the seven stages are distinguished : (a) infancy, (b) boyhood, (c) youth, (d) manhood, (e) middle-age, (f) the beginning of old age, (g) dotage. After this, by way of

(d) **Summary**, the characteristic features bestowed on each stage should be drawn from the class, and their obvious truth exposed.

(e) **Questions on more difficult words and phrases.** (1) In what sense is the world a stage. (2) What is the meaning of the word "merely"? cp. line 27. (3) The word "exit" to be explained. When does the human being have his exit and entrance? (5) How is a play for the stage divided? (6) Notice the sound of these words, "mewling" and "puking." What does it convey? cp. "mewing," "slobbering." (7) What is a satchel? What is used for carrying books or papers to school? (8) What made his face shine? (10) How does a furnace sigh? Why was the ballad woeful? cp. "he *furnaces* the thick sighs from him." (12) Contrast a soldier on campaign and a "carpet-knight," "whose chin new-reaped shows like a stubble-land at harvest home." (13) What double sense is there in "sudden and quick in quarrel"? (14) What is the meaning of the "bubble reputation"? (16-18) The portrait of an Elizabethan magistrate. What would a capon be given him for? What cut of beard would he affect? Saws=sayings or proverbs; instances=examples to illustrate arguments. Why would he use these? (20-25) The picture of approaching old age. A pantaloon was a comic character of the Italian stage. How was he represented? Slippers—spectacles—pouch—shrunk shank (what part of the leg? cp. long-shanks)—hose too wide—piping voice (why did it whistle?). (28) What is the meaning of "sans" from the context?

(f) **Questions on Grammar.** (8) Why is "a" omitted before snail? cp. snail-like—clerk-like; cp. like furnace—really half

adverbial. (10) How is "woeful" spelt? cp. awful. (22) Parse "a world too wide." (25) To what subject does "his" refer?

(g) **Hints for Recitation.** The teacher must insist most strongly on the prominence of each picture—in addition to those mentioned under letter *c*, which are general pictures, are contained in lines 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, infancy, the school-boy—his satchel—his shining morning face—his creeping like snail, etc., etc., and pause must be made after each. The pace of recitation should be somewhat measured—quicken in lines 13 and 14—become slower again over the picture of the justice. The tone must represent illustrated narrative and might, without over-exaggeration, be modified for lines 24, 25. Specially emphasize such words as mewling, puking, whining, shining morning face, sighing like furnace, strange oaths, bubble, wise saws, lean and slipper'd, whistles (aspirate the wh). Be careful of the sh sound repeated in shrunk shank.

PART III.

No. CXXV. ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (GRAY).

(a) **Introduction.** To give an intelligent treatment of this poem a teacher must begin by giving a vivid representation of the scene which forms its background. In its general sense some connecting link might be got by an introductory essay or conversation on the thoughts which arise on the sight of tombs or monuments, or by a composition on certain lines from the poem itself, or by a previous reading of *Sir Roger's Visit to Westminster Abbey* as a contrast.

The burden of the introduction must rest on the teacher's power of description. It is absolutely necessary that his class realize in all its details the churchyard, not of Stoke Pogis, but of any typical village in England. Illustration would effect this best—failing that, as graphic a description as possible must be given—the church with its gray walls and ivy-clad tower—the lych-gate—the yew trees—the rich green grass rising into mounds—the headstones—the interior of the church

—its monuments and crosses—its vaults. This might have been prefaced by a sketch of village life and types of the labouring folk. Next make the class regard this scene at a time just after sunset, and in some measure the idea may be visualized.

(b) i. **Reading**, ii. **Division into self-contained sections**, iii. **Summary**. After the introduction the poem should be read in sections which appear to be self-contained, and the subject of the section should be named, and a summary of it obtained from the class. The following division is suggested :

- ll. 1-16. Evening in a country hamlet.
- ll. 17-28. The country-life to which an end has been put for some by Death.
- ll. 29-44. Death awaits alike the rich and poor. No distinction is made between them when they are dead.
- ll. 45-60. Reflection that among these rude villagers some were born with powers to become great, which poverty and lowly station repressed.
- ll. 61-74. Poverty not an unmixed sorrow : the poor are cut off from doing great evil—their peaceful and quiet journey through life.
- ll. 75-92. The poor, too, have their memorials : every human being yearns for sympathy : the Greeks believed in this feeling very strongly.
- ll. 93-116. The poet supposes himself dead—one of the villagers describes his life and habits.
- ll. 117-128. The epitaph or inscription to be written on the poet's tomb.

After carefully reading and summarizing in these sections, a

(c) **Model Reading** should be given by the teacher. The poem is essentially reflective, and should be read in this spirit—it is full of passing pictures and passing thoughts.

(d) **Notes and questions on meaning of words and phrases**. (1) Curfew = (*couvre-feu*, a word of French origin). When did the custom begin in England of ringing this curfew bell? What is the sound conveyed in the word "knell"? (3) Notice the force of "plods." (7, 8) By what is the sound of "droning"

and "tinkling" caused? (10) The owl is the bird of solitude and ill-omen—the church tower was her abode, her reign. (16) What is the meaning of "rude" here? Show its more usual meaning. Why does the poet refer only to the poor villagers here? (17) At what hour does the village labourer rise? (19) Derive the word "clarion." What horn is referred to? (22) What was the housewife's care? Explain "ply," cf. ap-ply—re-ply, etc. (26) What makes the furrow? Furrow here is put for the ploughshare. Glebe=soil. (27) Jocund=joyful. Of what did their team consist? (29-32) At what would the ambitious and proud be likely to scoff? Annals=the record of their lives, cp. annual register. (33) Who is a herald? What kind of persons employ them? Connect this with the supporters to a coat-of-arms, and explain the distinction attaching to them. (35) What is th' inevitable hour? (36) Notice this oft-quoted line. (37) To whom does "these" refer? (38) Trophies. Explain the origin of the word and its special meaning here. The trophies would not be found in the churchyard, but in the church itself. (39) What is the aisle? What the fretted vault? (41-44) Can anything bring back the dead to life? An urn was a vessel very often used as a monument—on it was written the story of the person whose memory it recorded. What is the difference between a bust and a statue? Why "animated"? "provoke," in its simple sense "to call forth." (46) Some in whom great poetical genius was contained—pregnant="full of." (48) Hands that might have got from the lyre tones of ecstatic or wondrous power. (51) How often is this true? (55, 56) Notice these two lines, so often quoted. (57) Who was the tyrant of Hampden's fields? (59) What are the chief works of Milton? (60) How was Cromwell guilty of his country's blood? (61) What are the senates? Explain the word. (62) What worldly gift enables a man to despise pain and ruin? (64) How would the nation's appearance reflect its history? (67) To whom may this refer? (69-72) The custom of patrons and their poet-flatterers must be explained, who to gain gold or preferment could lose all sense of honour and truth, (69) forge a lie without a blush, (70) and write poems in praise of the wicked luxury of their patrons. (71, 72) What is the force of

the epithet "struggling"? What of "ingenuous"? Who was the Muse? (73) What does "madding" mean? Distinguish "maddening," cp. "the madded land." (75) Sequester'd = withdrawn, separate. (76) "tenour," literally "a holding on" to one kind of existence. (78) Why would the memorial be frail? The sculpture shapeless and the rhyme uncouth? (82) To whom would elegies be written? (83) A text is a quotation from the Bible. (86) Being = state of living. (87) Precincts = boundaries. What are the boundaries of man's existence? (89-92) Even the dust and ashes call for human sympathy. (94) Why artless? because so simply true. (96) In what sense would the inquirer be a kindred spirit? (97) A swain was a countryman or farm-labourer. (102) The roots of the beech-tree grow into strange shapes. (103) Why listless? (104) Give a sentence to illustrate this use of "pore." What sound is conveyed by "babbling"? (108) Crazy = nearly mad with care, cross'd in love, *i.e.* his love was not returned. (109) What is the commoner form of the word "custom'd"? (111) Rill or rivulet = small stream. (113) The dirge, as the sound conveys, is a mournful song or hymn. (115) The lay = the verses. (116) The thorn = the hawthorn tree, a bush with white flowers and thorns on its branches. An epitaph is anything written on a tomb—it is a word of Greek origin. (118) To whom does this refer? Did Gray lead a very retired life? (122) What was the recompense?

(e) **Grammatical notes and questions.** (a) Analyze these lines: 24, 37-40, 46, 48, 53-54, 67-68, 73-74, 85-86, 127-128. (b) Parse these words: l. 26, broke; l. 27, jocund, afield; l. 36, but; l. 39, where; l. 55, full; l. 79, deck'd; l. 85, a prey; l. 95, chance; l. 118, a youth. (c) Explain the construction and force of these infinitives: l. 61, to command; l. 77, to protect. (d) Illustrate from the poem (i.) the use of the abstract for the concrete, (ii.) compound noun (of noun+noun), compound adjective (of adjective+adjective), (iii.) the use of metaphor.

(f) **Hints for Recitation.** Though so often quoted, and so often recited, this is by no means an easy poem to deliver effectively. It is in itself a considerable effort. At no time must the poem be hurried—each successive picture, which in

the poet's mind was the result of quiet and slow reflection, must be allowed to display itself. It is characteristic of the poet that his epithets are so exact, and the reciter must not neglect this. No successful attempt can be made unless the reciter fully visualizes all that he describes. The tone for the most part should be quiet and lightly sad, rising into a more cheerful strain in such passages as verses 7, 15, 21, and into one of modest indignation in verses 8, 10, 11.

(g) **Note on the Poet.** For a class capable of studying such a poem as this, some idea must be given of Gray's place in English literature—his style—his exquisitely finished language—his intimate knowledge of Greek and Roman poetry. In addition, the social position of eighteenth century writers, and the kind of life led by Gray himself, must be considered.

A. V. HOUGHTON.

KHEDIVIEH SCHOOL,
CAIRO.

APPENDIX B.

SUMMARY OF THE FOUR CHIEF PERIODS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE first great English poet was Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400). Chaucer is called "the Father of English poetry." He was the first to make our national speech the means of noble poetry. He did for England what Dante did for Italy. He made English the language of literature. *The Canterbury Tales* is the name of his greatest work. They are stories in verse, supposed to be told by the pilgrims on their way to and from the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. In Chaucer's day England was a Roman Catholic country, and pilgrimages were made by men of all classes and grades of society to the various shrines. *The Canterbury Tales* give a most complete and vivid picture of the life and manners of mediaeval Englishmen. In the power to sketch character, and seize upon the mannerisms of speech and dress and conduct that give life and distinction to a portrait, Chaucer is unrivalled. He is, moreover, the greatest story-teller in verse, that is always musical and bright with gay wit and kindly humour. It is one of his many distinctions to be the first English poet who had a fine ear for metre, and a feeling for form in poetry. Hitherto English poetry had been harsh in sound and rugged in style. Chaucer had studied very closely the great Italian poets, Dante and Petrarca, who lived a little before him. He had travelled also in Italy himself, and had gained a thorough knowledge of the literature and art of that country, which was at that time far in advance of England in all the arts and the refinements of civilization.

His stay in that country largely influenced his genius, and helped him to gain the new and more perfect manner which he introduced into English poetry. Chaucer died in 1400. He is the first English poet who lies buried in Westminster Abbey, the great church in London where the kings and the great and wise men of England have their tombs and monuments. No selection of Chaucer is given in this book. He belongs to a time more than a century before that which we have called the first period of English poetry. But he is spoken of here because he was the creator of the language of English poetry, and all poets who have lived since have used the speech which he first moulded into form. After his death no great poetry was written in England until the Elizabethan time. English poetry is generally divided into four periods.

The first is the Elizabethan period, which was the great age of the drama, and also in a lesser degree of the lyric. Of this period, after Shakespeare, the greatest names are Spenser, Ben Jonson, and Marlowe.

The second period is represented chiefly by Milton, who, as we shall see, stands almost alone in solitary grandeur. Dryden, though in date he belongs to Milton's time, in genius is much nearer the age of Pope.

The third period has really two divisions. The first is represented by Pope, and the second by a number of poets, such as Gray, Cowper, Burns, and Goldsmith.

The fourth period, or the nineteenth century poetry, is famous for many great names, of whom the most important are Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Browning. It must not be supposed, however, that English poetry can be sharply divided into definite periods that have no relations or connections with one another. No one of these periods is cut off or isolated. The earlier growth propelled its fibres into the later. The germs of the new are to be found in the decay of the old. Each is bound to each by "connections strong and nice dependencies." We will now speak of the various characteristics of the four periods, and try to see in what they consist, and how one period naturally led up to the next.

FIRST PERIOD, ABOUT 1553-1616.

The Elizabethan age was the great age of the drama. Lyrical poetry was also written with a spontaneity and a natural loveliness that has never been surpassed. The supreme head of the period was Shakespeare. He embodied in his manifold work all the characteristics of the great time to which he belonged. For literature is the "unconscious mirror" of the spirit of its age. We must therefore briefly examine the history of Shakespeare's time, in order to account for the greatness of his poetry. For we find that the greatest creations of art have been produced at times when there were strong and stirring influences abroad "to sting men into life." What were the influences that brought to birth the great literature of Elizabeth's reign? There were many. We may mention the most important. Firstly, there was the Renaissance, or revival of the study of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. This began in Italy long before the time of Shakespeare, but its full force did not reach England until the reign of Elizabeth. Suddenly men's minds were made acquainted with the stores of literature left behind by the civilization of the old world. Men felt like Keats when he first looked into Chapman's Homer. This great inheritance of beauty and wisdom quickened all their powers of imagination and intellect. Whatever a man had he was provoked to render up. Secondly, there was the Reformation. This also was a quickening and inspiring influence which had its effect upon poetry. For from it came the spirit of bold inquiry and the sense of the dignity of independent thought, which gave a greater freedom to literature. Thirdly, it was in Elizabeth's reign that England showed herself very great in war. The English ships were invincible wherever they fought. When the great triumph came in the destruction of the Spanish Armada there was a burst of patriotism throughout the length and breadth of the land. Englishmen were proud of their country, and this feeling is nobly expressed in the historical plays of Shakespeare. There was, too, another influence at work which also served to stir men's minds, especially on their imaginative side. It was the age of voyages and travel.

Numbers of men went in ships to the New World, and brought back wonderful stories of its marvels. This fired the imagination, and brought forth poetry from those who were poets. Such were some of the great influences that made life intense and full of excitement and eager interest. It was an age of action and deep feeling. In an age when famous deeds are done, and men's hearts are full, great poetry is written, and the drama and the lyric are its chosen forms. For the drama best expresses the spirit of a people in love with action, and the lyric is the natural out-pouring of an abundant heart. In Shakespeare all this joy and movement, this passion and colour of the greatest period in our history, find their voice.

SECOND PERIOD, 1616-1700.

The Elizabethan age, as we have seen, was the age of the drama and the lyric. In the next period both these forms of poetry continued, but the drama lost its strength and its dignity. The lyric, however, though it did not keep all its freshness and spontaneity, attained a greater perfection of form in the hands of Herrick and Vaughan, and others of the Caroline poets. It also found a new subject-matter in religion. The most fervent religious poems were written at this time. It is, however, Milton who makes the greatness of this age. He is the mountain, his contemporaries are but "the knolls about its feet." His work, which must be judged by itself, has been spoken of in the note upon his name. Towards the end of his life Dryden had begun to write, and he ushered in the new school of poetry which forms the third period. Dryden, like Pope, was a party-poet. He was also the greatest of the English satirists. There is a force and dignity about his odes which suggests some of the genius of Milton, but in all else he belongs to the poetry of the eighteenth century.

THIRD PERIOD, ABOUT 1700-1800.

We find, then, the essential elements of the new poetry first in Dryden, but they came to full flower in the poetry of Pope. We must try and see in what those new elements consist. The

Elizabethan poets wrote about man as influenced by the great passions, such as love, hate, jealousy, and the like. Dryden, Pope, and others of their school bade farewell to this subject. They wrote rather of the aspects of life as it was lived at courts and in the cultivated society of great cities. Poetry in their hands became more a thing of the intellect than of the heart. They discussed and examined with nice subtlety and clear precision the thoughts and opinions of men who lived under thoroughly artificial conditions of life. In this way the satire, the philosophical, and didactic poem arose. It was an age of criticism and research. Men thought hard rather than felt deeply. Towards the end of Pope's life, however, a change came over the spirit of poetry, which brings it nearer to that of the nineteenth century. Men began now to turn away from the courts and drawing-rooms of cities, and interest themselves in the lives of the poor in quiet country places. We can detect something of this change even as early as in Gray's *Elegy*, which is given in this book. In his tender feeling for "the rude forefathers of the village hamlet," Gray is in advance of his age. He has got beyond the school of Pope, which was wanting in sympathy for all men. There is certainly in the elegy the first sign of that larger humanity which was to find a fuller expression in Goldsmith and Cowper. In their love for the poor and the country, both these poets have anticipated much of the spirit if not the manner of the nineteenth century poets. In them and others of their day we find also the poetry of natural description revived, which had not been attempted since Milton. A word here must be said about Blake. Though in date he belongs to the eighteenth century, almost as surely as Cowper, like Dryden, he had so completely anticipated both the manner and matter of the poetry that was to come after him, that he is generally classed with the nineteenth century poets.

FOURTH PERIOD, 1800—

We now come to a period of English poetry which, in its own way, is as great as the Elizabethan. We have seen the beginnings of part of the spirit of its poetry in Gray, Burns, Cowper, and Goldsmith. A sympathy with mankind as a whole, and

especially with the poor, a love of the country rather than the town, and a hatred of social injustice and class tyranny—all this found a fuller and more varied expression in the poets of the nineteenth century. But there were many sources of inspiration apart from these. There was the love of Beauty and the romantic past which inspired Keats and Scott, and in a later day Rossetti, and much of the work of Tennyson. There was, too, a finer appreciation of the spirit of the old world, so that we find the history and mythology of the Greeks and Romans have supplied numberless subjects for poetry, especially in the latter half of the century. The power to catch the "essential" in recreating the past, so that its characters and the variety of its circumstance really "live" again, is the peculiar power of much modern poetry. If we review the poetry of the nineteenth century, we find that almost every period of past history has been made the subject of song. This is especially true of Browning and Tennyson, who are the greatest poets of the latter half of this century. The whole range of human thought and experience, every phase through which the world spirit has passed has its place in modern poetry. Patriotism is also as strong a motive of song as it was in the time of Elizabeth. There is scarcely an English county whose landscape is left undescribed, or a hero who is without his tribute of praise. Modern poetry, then, is remarkable for the wide and varied range of its subject-matter. Another characteristic feature which is the natural outcome of its wealth in this respect is the variety of metres that are handled with skill, and a fine ear for music by its poets. Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne, to mention only three, have surpassed all other poets in the various beauty of their lyric measures. It is hoped that the selections given from the nineteenth century poets will enable readers to see the truth of this observation. Let Shelley's *Cloud* and *Ode to the West Wind* and Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters* be read with this in mind, and it will not be difficult to realize one of the chief beauties of modern poetry. One further distinction of the poetry of this century may be mentioned here. We find in Shelley, Wordsworth, and Tennyson a spirit of renewed and increased reverence for their art. They regard poetry as a holy thing.

They invest the poet with something of the character of the old prophet whose way is not among men. They have emphasized the uses of solitude and prayer. This attitude towards poetry was almost wholly unfelt by the school of Pope. With the great modern poets poetry has become a religion. They seriously and consciously make their art depend on a high habit of thought and feeling. The heart must be kept scrupulously clean, and the soul in harmony "with all right and beautiful things" if the poet is to give his best. This is a real element in modern poetry and has visibly refined and beautified much of its work. It is impossible, however, to touch upon all the features of this great period in the space of a short note. A few hints can be given and that is all. All forms of poetry have been written. In dramatic poetry alone no success has been attained that is at all comparable to the great plays of Shakespeare. But in the lyric, the narrative, the descriptive, and philosophical poem, in which the great questions of human life are discussed, not, as in the days of Pope, from the point of view of the reason and the intellect, but from deep feeling, this age of English poetry is unsurpassed. Of the poets who represented its first period, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Coleridge are the greatest, while of the second period, among a number of names, Tennyson and Browning stand out pre-eminent.

APPENDIX C.

SHORT CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS.

Addison (1672-1719). Nos. 72, 73. Addison can scarcely be counted among the English poets. Except for one or two pieces like those included in this book, and a drama called "Cato," he wrote little verse. It is for prose that he is famous. He was the originator and chief contributor of the *Spectator*, a journal published three times a week. Into this paper were introduced a number of characters who are made to move through a variety of circumstance, so that we have in them a very good picture of what men were doing, thinking, and saying in the age of Queen Anne. The *Spectator* takes a high and important place in English literature. It is written in beautiful English, and is the best reflection we have of life at that time. It also contains the germ of the novel, which is really only a more elaborate development of what Addison began when he created a number of imaginary characters, and described their conduct under many aspects of life. The style of Addison has grace, charm, and ease, and he is the greatest master of delicate humour in our literature. He was not only a writer but also a public man, and filled many important posts in the State. He thus had every opportunity of knowing the life of the London society of his day, which he has so brilliantly portrayed in his essays. Addison's writing had a great influence upon his age. At the time he wrote the tone of English society was not high. He did much to elevate men's minds by the gentle but piercing satire with which he exposed the vices and follies of his day. Moreover, he helped to spread the knowledge of literature among all classes of Englishmen. "I have brought," he said, "philosophy

out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses."

Arnold (1822-1888). Nos. 40, 51, 113, 122. Matthew Arnold takes a high place among the poets of the latter half of the nineteenth century. He was, besides a poet, a great critic of poetry. He was a warm admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, and has done much by his criticism of him to make him better known and appreciated by the English public. Arnold wrote a number of essays on literature, and few critics have had a profounder knowledge of its qualities or a deeper sense of its greatness. In poetry his lyrics are his best work. There is a note of sadness and weariness in many of them. They express the dissatisfaction of men who, to use his own phrase, "are sick of the strange disease of modern life." No poet felt more keenly the opposition between the actual world of every-day life and the world of poetry and art. If he had been more of a poet and less of a critic, like Keats, Arnold would have escaped to "the house beautiful." But the doubts and distractions of his day absorbed and really interested him, and his poetry reflects them. Of his poems the best known are the *Scholar-Gipsy*, *Thyrsis*, a tribute to his friend, the poet Clough, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Empedocles on Etna*, and *Tristram and Iseult*. His life was uneventful. He was educated at Rugby School and Balliol College, Oxford, where he had a very distinguished career. He afterwards became an inspector of schools.

Matthew Arnold wrote just at a time when men's minds were perplexed with doubts of all kinds. The new discoveries of science seemed to shake men's faith in many of the fundamental truths of religion, and the moral laws that depend thereon. His poetry reflects all this. To him the men of his day seemed "to fluctuate idly without term or scope," and he himself caught "the infection of their mental strife," and it was in sorrow and revolt against this that much of his poetry was written.

Beaumont (1584-1616). No. 141. Beaumont's name is always associated with Fletcher's. They were both dramatists of the Elizabethan age, and wrote in all no less than fifty plays. They contain a number of lyrics of great beauty.

Beddoes (1803-1849). No. 25. Beddoes, though not in any sense of the word a great poet, has a considerable lyrical gift, as this poem shows.

Blake (1757-1827). No. 38. Blake was both a poet and a painter. The drawings with which he illustrated his "prophetic books," which is the name he gave to a very obscure part of his poetry, are as remarkable for great imagination and a new kind of beauty as his lyrics. Blake takes an important position in English poetry, for he anticipated more completely in matter, and especially in manner, the poetry that was to come after him than any of his contemporaries. He recalled the passion and freedom of the Elizabethan lyric, and he wrote also the simple poetry of every-day life, of which Wordsworth became the great master. We find also in his poetry a fierce rebellion against social inequality, priestcraft, and all the evils that brought about the French Revolution. In this he is near to Shelley and Byron. He is the first poet, too, who wrote with love and truthful sincerity about animals and children. This links him to the poetry of the most modern times. In every way his genius is most remarkable. There is no greater instance of a poet who was so far in advance of his times.

Bridges (1844-). No. 16. Mr. Bridges is one of the best known living poets. He has written dramas after Greek models, and a number of lyrics of which the one in this book is one of the best.

Brown (1830-1897). Nos. 101, 124. Though at present but little known Brown is one of the most individual poets of the nineteenth century. His chief poems are narrative, and written in the dialect of the Isle of Man, of which he was a native. In the power to tell a story in verse, with the force and naturalness that carries the reader along, he is as good as anybody after Chaucer. The two selections given in this book are examples of his lyrical work. The *Peel Life-Boat* may fairly take rank with the best "songs of action" in our literature. It makes the "universal" appeal which distinguishes great poetry.

Browning (1812-1889). Nos. 37, 67, 78, 168, 169. Browning is one of the many great English poets who spent a large part

of his life in Italy, and drew upon Italian history and landscape for much of his poetry. The scenes and characters of his longest poem, called the *Ring and the Book* are entirely Italian.

Browning's poetry has perhaps more force and original quality than that of any other poet of the nineteenth century. He stands apart. His manner and style are quite distinct. He is also the most difficult of all English poets to understand. And, if Cowper's saying is held to be true that the meaning of a poem ought to be as plain as the nose on a man's face, much that he has written must be condemned. Obscurity is a fault in poetry, and an obscure poet is generally the reverse of profound. But this is not true of Browning. He is hard to understand because the subject he loved most to exercise his art upon is itself a most difficult thing. In nearly all his dramas, and many of his lyrics, Browning is chiefly concerned with the "ways" of man's thought. To lay bare the inner workings of a man's mind, in all its complex and devious progress is a hard matter.

"Thoughts hardly to be packed

Into a narrow act ;

Fancies that broke through language and escaped."

All these he has expressed as no poet, except Shakespeare, has done. The unceasing and varied play of all the influences of nature and society upon a sensible character, changed perhaps by a stray word, a glance, or touch till every hour of its existence has an individual life—this is the subject of his poetry. In fact, the whole inner life of the modern man, who is various, sensitive, and quick to multiply his personality, is reflected in his poetry. It is not only, however, for his deep ethical insight into character and the motives of action in the most complex types that Browning is great. He is the poet of faith and good cheer. He teaches men that the world they live in is a fair place, full of opportunities for every man to do good and acceptable work. His poetry is full of courage. It tells men that there are no difficulties they may not overcome if they have self-dependence and self-control. There is never a note of despair or hopelessness in Browning's poetry. No poet has expressed his faith in the immortality of the soul more forcibly. The poem beginning "Fear death? to feel the fog in

my throat" nobly illustrates his courage and fearless faith. The chief fault of Browning's poetry is the ruggedness of his metres. He rarely makes music. But these faults of manner are in his case more readily forgiven, because all through his poetry we feel the inspiration of a great brain, and the beat of a great heart. In dramatic power, in depth of thought and the breadth of vision that comprehends the whole of life he is second only to Shakespeare. Browning died a few years before Tennyson. Like him he is buried in Westminster Abbey. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, his wife, is the greatest of English poetesses.

Bryant (1797-1878). No. 63. The author of the poem *To a Water-Fowl* is an American poet. This lyric deserves to be better known. It possesses singular beauty and simplicity.

Burns (1759-1796). Nos. 21, 61. Burns was a Scotchman, and his best poems are written in Scotch. He was the son of a farmer, and at first followed his father's calling. He is the greatest song-writer in the literature of Great Britain. Of all poets he owed least to study and the work of others. With his songs the hearts of all men have fallen in tune. They win by their own right a natural response from every heart. It is Burns' peculiar distinction to have written songs that are daily sung for pure love of them by the country folk from whom he sprung. No English poet can claim so sure a pledge of immortality. "If I forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning"—thus intimately does he live in the hearts of his countrymen.

Byron (1788-1824). Nos. 2, 56, 62, 68, 92, 98, 109, 132. Byron is one of the great poets of the early part of the nineteenth century. Of his longer poems the best known is *Childe Harold*, which describes his own wanderings about Europe. Byron wrote also a number of Eastern tales in verse. We may mention *The Corsair*, *The Giaour*, and *The Bride of Abydos*. His longest poem is called *Don Juan*. Here all his many and varied powers found expression. The poem is really a satire on the state of society of his day.

In religion, in politics, and in morals, Byron found his "times were out of joint." He was always at heart a rebel. His poetry gives full voice to the principles of the French Revolution. Byron also wrote a number of dramas which are not of a very high order, but many of his lyrics are very beautiful. Perhaps no poet has enjoyed so great popularity during his own life-time. After the publication of his first Eastern tale, to quote his own phrase, "he woke up and found himself famous." His fame extended to the Continent, and he is still regarded in France and Germany as the greatest English poet of modern times. It is more than doubtful if Englishmen of the present day would award him so high a place. His poetry has great force; it has wit, too, and close-reasoning power, but it rarely attains the perfection of form which is found in Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge. There is something declamatory and rhetorical about his finest passages, and indeed he never quite escaped from the artificial manner of the age before him. But in spite of these defects he belongs to the order of great poets, because of the breadth and grasp of his genius, and the ease with which he could write whatever he had a mind to. His life was spent largely in Italy. As every one knows, he died in Greece, at Missolonghi. He sacrificed his life and much of his personal fortune in helping the Greeks to win their independence from the Turks. There is a statue of him in Athens, which the Greeks put up to do honour to his name.

It is doubtful if any poet has been endowed with more natural force than Byron. In everything he wrote or did or said he showed strength. "So often the artist is a mannikin, Byron was essentially a man." In these words Mr. Nichol admirably expresses the first distinction of a poet thoroughly at home in the world of men and with all the dash and fearless courage of a soldier of fortune.

Campbell (1777-1844). Nos. 65, 69, 96, 97, 102, 127. Campbell was a Scotchman. It is by his ballads that he lives. His very best are included in this book. As war-songs, *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*, are unsurpassed in our literature. Every English

school-boy learns them by heart. It would be difficult to find three poems that are more universally known.

Clough (1819-1861). No. 170. Clough was the intimate friend of Matthew Arnold. It is to his memory that Arnold wrote *Thyrsis*, perhaps the most beautiful of all his poems. Clough's poetry, judged as a whole, is a disappointment. His poetical development was early arrested and marred. He lived at a time when men's minds were agitated with controversy, especially about religious matters. Clough brooded too much on these vexed questions. He became out of tune with himself, and most of his poetry reflects an unsatisfied and fretful frame of mind. As Arnold says :

" His piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground."

For the poet must have a mind at rest when the actual work of expression begins. "Poetry is passion remembered in tranquillity," says Wordsworth. Clough did not "possess his soul in quietness," or find a settled way of thought until near the end of his life. The poem included in this book is a beautiful expression of the calmer and more satisfied heart that he gained in his last years.

Coleridge (1772-1834). Nos. 129, 149. Coleridge was one of the so-called Lake poets. The other two were Wordsworth and Southey. Coleridge was the friend of both. His great fame as a poet rests practically on three things—*The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, and *Kubla Khan*, which is given in this book. But these three poems possess a beauty so distinguished, and express a genius so original that they are quite enough to confer on their author an enduring fame. They must be read and read again to understand their unique charm. Every lover of poetry finds in them "the treasure which we are bidden to lay up for ourselves in heaven." In melody, in imaginative power, in the perfect expression of the romantic spirit, which has been described "as strangeness added to beauty," they stand quite alone in our literature. The genius of Coleridge was altogether remarkable. There was a circle of young men in England who looked upon him as a man of supernatural mental powers, who "had grasped the riddle of the

universe and knew the secrets of the grave." For Coleridge did not only write poetry. He was perhaps most interested in philosophy, and philosophy especially where it borders on mysticism. Many years of his life were spent in the pursuit of formless and shadowy abstractions. "He voyaged through strange seas of thought alone" where he found no harbours. It was this side of his intellect and these mystic pursuits that gave him the character of a mage—full of dark sayings, fitfully shot with flame. His love of what is weird and strange is apparent in all his poetry, and especially in *Kubla Khan*. In his early life, like all his contemporary poets, with the exception of Keats and Scott, he was an enthusiast for the ideas of the French Revolution. But, like Wordsworth, he turned from them when he saw the dissolution of all order and propriety that followed their practical adoption. All through his life he was a great sufferer from physical pain, which he sought to relieve by the use of opium. The habit of opium eating gradually grew upon him, and slowly destroyed his intellectual powers. It is to this misfortune that we must attribute his comparative failure in literature, if indeed a man can be said to have failed who has left behind three of the most glorious poems in English literature.

Collins (1720-1756). No. 167. The body of work that Collins left behind him is very small, but he occupies an important place in English poetry because he is one of the eighteenth century poets in whom we first detect the beginning of the poetry that came after him. In his *Ode to Evening* Collins escapes from the artificial manner of his age, and some of his lines anticipate the beauty of Keats. Like Gray, he was a student of the Greek and Latin poets, and his acquaintance with them inspired him to attempt more artistic and elaborate metres than were in use in his own day. He died when only thirty-six years old.

Cowper (1731-1800). Nos. 66, 103, 163. Cowper, in the subject-matter of his poetry, is near to much of the nineteenth century poetry. His greatest poem is the *Task* which describes his own life in the country, and the lives of the poor people about him. There is something of Wordsworth in Cowper.

They both have the same interest in "the daily round, the common task" of men whose lives are cast in a humble sphere, and they both are fond of "thinking out loud" in poetry. Cowper wrote also a number of humorous poems, some of which are included in the first part of this book. *John Gilpin* is one of the best known child's poems in our language. Of his serious lyrics, *Toll for the Brave* is the finest. Cowper's letters are also very famous. They give a beautiful picture of his gentle and deeply-pious mind.

Cunningham (1784-1842). No. 71. Like Blanco White, Cunningham has written one immortal poem. *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea* is the finest sea-song in English.

Dickens (1812-1870). No. 5. This poem, *The Ivy Green*, is from the *Pickwick Papers*, the best known of all Dickens's novels. Dickens is not a poet, but one of our greatest novel-writers. His works are very numerous. The *Pickwick Papers*, *David Copperfield*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop* are the names of some of a long series of great works. Dickens is the most widely read of all English writers. The world of his creation is so completely his own that he occupies a place quite apart. Among men of letters we do not judge him. We do not apply the language of criticism to him. We simply accept him as one of the great facts of our literature. He has taken the largest part of our people—the poor of the great towns, who hitherto had got but scant recognition in literature, and made them live their lives in his pages. When we read his novels, we do not think so much of the great mind required to conceive them, as of the great heart that could make room for so many men. For all Dickens's work is the direct inspiration of love and wide sympathy for all men. Truly, in his case, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." His own life gave him special opportunities for loving and understanding the lives of the poor people in cities. As a boy he worked in a blacking factory in London, and lived and moved amongst the class of men his novels portray. After his gentle charity his humour is his greatest quality. It is this which makes half the strength of his novels. He has made more men laugh than any writer of his century.

Dobson (1840-). Nos. 14, 165. Mr. Austin Dobson is one of the most graceful of all living poets. He has published many volumes of verse. He has seen the poetry of the artificial. His lyrics bring back the London drawing-rooms of Queen Anne, and the salons of Louis XIV. With a true artist's eye for form and colour he has caught the grace and embellishments of the life of that age. He has seen its men and women from a picturesque point of view. The poems included in this book show his lyrical power in another direction.

Doyle (1810-1888). Nos. 99, 162. Sir Francis Hastings Doyle is chiefly known for his lyrics and ballads about the bravery of English sailors and soldiers. His work ranks high amongst the "war-poetry" of England.

Dryden (1631-1700). No. 57. Dryden's literary career is a strange one. He did not begin to write his best work until he was nearly fifty years old, an age when most men begin to lose their creative powers. Satires are his greatest poems. *Mac Flecknoe* and *Absalom and Achitophel* are the names of the two best. To understand their full power it is necessary to have an intimate acquaintance with the politics of Dryden's day. For Dryden is the first "party" poet. He wrote on the side of a certain set of politicians who had definite political views. He thus really began the eighteenth century poetry of which Pope is the great leader. In Dryden's satires, the heroic couplet is used entirely, and this metre was the only one employed by the generation of poets who came after him. Thus, we see that he belonged, almost in every way, to the poetry that came after him, though he was alive during the greater part of Milton's life. Milton died in 1674, and on his death Dryden became the chief poet of England. Besides satires, he wrote dramas, which are of less importance themselves than the essays in prose which he prefixed to them. These essays take an important place in English literature, for not only are they the first real essays in literary criticism, but they are also the beginning of modern prose. Dryden died in 1700 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He is one of the greatest English men of letters.

Fletcher (1576-1625). No. 26. Fletcher wrote in partnership with Beaumont, but the majority of the plays which go under their joint names are entirely Fletcher's. The few lines given in this book are from *The Tragedy of Valentinian*. "How earnest and prayer-like are the pauses! How lightly sprinkled and yet how deeply settling, like rain, the fancy! How quiet, affectionate, and perfect the conclusion." In these words Leigh Hunt expresses his appreciation of these beautiful lines.

Goldsmith (1728-1774). Nos. 4, 85. Goldsmith was an Irishman. He was both a poet and a prose writer. His most famous book is a novel called the *Vicar of Wakefield*. He wrote also a work called the *Citizen of the World*, where perhaps his humour is at its best. It consists of a series of letters supposed to be written by a Chinaman to his friends in Pekin while he is staying on a visit in England. In these letters, he gives his impressions of the country, and the ways and manners of Englishmen. Of Goldsmith's poems, the two best known are the *Deserted Village* and the *Traveller*. Goldsmith had an eventful life. After he left Trinity College, Dublin, where he did not prosper in his studies, he went abroad and made a remarkable journey on foot through France and Italy. He had no money, but earned just enough to keep himself from starving by the way by playing the flute in the various villages he passed through. The people used to give him money or food for these performances. He has recounted his experiences in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. This book describes the life and fortunes of a poor country clergyman and his family in a little village in England. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of English prose, and its pathos, tenderness, and humour have made it one of the best-loved books in Europe. It is remarkable also because it shows the direction in which literature was going. In the early part of the eighteenth century writers had only concerned themselves with the fashionable life of London. But in this book Goldsmith leaves all that behind, and gives us a picture of the humble home life of a poor clergyman who "was passing rich on forty pounds a year." Besides the works already mentioned, Goldsmith wrote two of the best comedies in the English language in *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-natured Man*. They are still acted

nearly every year in London, and their wit and humour is as keenly appreciated as in Goldsmith's own day. After his famous journey abroad Goldsmith came to London. There he met Dr. Johnson, who was one of the most influential men of letters of the day, and he helped Goldsmith to get literary work. He also got the *Vicar of Wakefield* published, which at once brought Goldsmith fame. Though his writings brought him in quite enough money to live on, Goldsmith was always poor and in debt. No sooner did he receive a sum of money for something he had written than he spent it on a feast to his friends, or gave it all away to a poorer man. He was a great genius, but without any talent for the practical affairs of life. He was constantly being duped. He had none of the worldly wisdom which tells a man when it is the right moment to distrust his fellowmen. All his life Goldsmith was a child. No one was better loved by those who knew him. He was generous, open-hearted, and entirely without malice or guile. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

Gray (1716-1771). Nos. 9, 125, 143. Gray has left very little poetry behind him, but all of it is marked by great perfection of style and careful workmanship. His *Elegy* is the best known poem in the English language. Almost every line of it has become a part of our daily speech. This is so because it expresses in language that is nearest to their truth a number of thoughts that are the common property of mankind. The reflections that came to the mind of Gray in the presence of the graves of the churchyard are not beyond the mental horizon of the ordinary man, but they are put into language that he feels he would wish to use but cannot find. This is the way of the greatest poetry. We have already noticed, in another part of this book, in what way Gray anticipated the spirit of the nineteenth century poetry. In the elegy there is the genius of both the old and the new poetry. Besides being a poet, Gray was a great scholar. He had a profound knowledge of Greek and Latin poetry, and the metres of his odes are based on classical models. He led a very retired life—mostly at Cambridge, where he was a professor of modern history.

Habington (1605-1654). No. 80. Habington was one of the

so-called Caroline poets. His work is chiefly lyrical. He was a Roman Catholic, and his poems express a fervent devotion to his religion.

Herbert (1593-1633). No. 76. - Herbert wrote religious poetry almost entirely. He has included his poems on this subject under the general title of *The Temple; or, Steps to Holiness*. He has given the most perfect expression in poetry of the deep natural piety of England.

Herrick (1591-1661). Nos. 28, 133. Herrick is the greatest of the Caroline poets, so called because they wrote in the time of the two Charleses. His work consists almost entirely of lyrics and songs. Love and Religion are the two chief subjects of his poetry. There is a lucid beauty and an exquisite finish as of perfect and clear-set jewels in his work. Under the title of *Hesperides*, are included his love songs. His religious poems he called *Noble Numbers*. He is one of our greatest song writers. He has all the perfection and vivid exactness of language of the Greek and Roman poets. No poetry is more truly artistic than Herrick's.

Hood (1799-1845). No. 50. Hood was chiefly a writer of humorous poetry, but occasionally, as in the lines "I remember, I remember," he wrote in a different vein. This little poem, which is included in the first book, is one of the gems of English literature. The mass of his poetry, however, is comic. He had a sparkling wit and a great mastery of language. His alliterative poem :

"Austrian armies, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,"

is extraordinarily clever. Each word of every line begins with the same letter, and so on through the whole alphabet.

Hunt (1784-1859). No. 159. This sonnet of Hunt's was written in friendly competition with Keats and Shelley. It is far finer than either of their productions on the same subject, though he is in all other respects greatly their poetical inferior. Hunt was more a critic than a poet. Many of his essays on literature are delightful reading. He was the friend of both Keats and Shelley, and he recognized the great genius of Keats when the rest of the world was only laughing at him.

Jonson (1573-1637). No. 77. Ben Jonson was one of the great contemporaries of Shakespeare. He wrote dramas. His greatest plays are comedies. His strong sense of humour was at once his weakness and his strength. While it helped him to portray with greater force the side of life that he saw, it limited his vision. He did not "see life whole" like Shakespeare. His work is full of power and breadth, but it is often rugged, and lacks refinement and perfection. There is, however, much delicate work in his masques, and some of his songs are the most beautiful and tender among the lyrics of the Elizabethan age. He wrote also some tragedies, but it is as a satirist that he is greatest. In his comedies he held up to ridicule the manners of the courtiers of his day, and also made fun of two of his contemporary poets in a play called *The Poetaster*.

Keats (1795-1821). Nos. 8, 15, 22, 47, 128, 135. Keats, unlike Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge, had no interest in the great human questions of liberty, equality, and fraternity, that had been aroused by the French Revolution. "He put by the cloud of mortal destiny," and gave up his whole soul to the search for Beauty in poetry.

" 'Beauty is truth, truth Beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

These, his own lines, were the motto of his life, and so we find he turned aside from the thoughts and interests of the world of his day, and sought for subjects far removed from "all their noise and strife." His models were the Elizabethan poets, and especially Spenser. He found subjects in mediaeval Romance and Greek Mythology. His longest poem, *Endymion*, tells in a new way the old Greek story of the love of Diana for the boy Endymion. *Lamia* and *Hyperion* are also fresh in subject-matter. *Isabella* and *St. Agnes' Eve* are both derived from mediaeval Romance. In these poems he started a new kind of poetry, which Tennyson and Rossetti continued, but never surpassed in perfection. His lyrics, the *Ode to the Nightingale*, *To a Grecian Urn*, and *To Autumn*, are the most beautiful in the English language. In the power to give a mental picture and to make mere words have a spiritual power of their own, Keats is the most wonder-

ful of all poets. He has written lines that have a magical beauty quite indescribable. He is the touchstone by which to discover poetry in a man. If we really appreciate Keats we understand what poetry is. Keats died at Rome at the early age of twenty-five. What he might have done, had he lived longer, we cannot tell. As it is, his name is sure of immortality. At his best, "he is with Shakespeare," as Matthew Arnold says.

Kingsley (1819-1875). Nos. 17, 41, 43. Kingsley is a poet and a novelist. He has written a number of songs and ballads, of which this book contains some of the best examples. It is, however, by his novels that he is best known. *Westward Ho!* the most famous of them, tells the story of the voyages made by the English sailors of Elizabeth's time, and of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. *The Water-babies: a Fairy Story for Children*, is one of Kingsley's most delightful books. Kingsley was a clergyman and a typical Englishman. Unlike most men of letters, he was a great sportsman, and loved riding and shooting and fishing as much as writing and reading books.

Kipling (1865-). No. 161. Mr. Kipling is one of the greatest living writers. The ballad of "East and West" is one of the very best in English poetry. He is a prose writer as well as a poet. Perhaps he is best known for his stories of the life of English men and women in India. It was by these that he first made himself a name. Latterly, Mr. Kipling has written poems and stories in prose of the lives and employments of men whose work is practical in the various parts of the British Empire. It is in men "who do things," and especially in men who do things for England, that Mr. Kipling is most interested, for he is intensely and nobly patriotic. Bridge-builders, engineers (civil and naval), seal-fishers, railway-makers, in fact all men who do the work of the world, are portrayed in his pages. If we were asked to say wherein lies the peculiar force of Mr. Kipling's genius, we should be inclined to reply that it lies in his power to discover the hero in the plain man. For him, "the holy spirit of man" labours greatly and triumphs gloriously in the commonest walks of life. There is for him also inexhaustible romance and wonder in

the great facts of the industrial age. Mr. Kipling draws inspiration from the shuddering factory and the clanging engine-room. He has thus struck out a new path in literature. For these wonderful works of men's hands have hitherto been left out by art. All the infinitely various ways in which the modern man labours—this he makes it his business to tell.

Lamb (1775-1834). No. 52. Lamb is best known for the *Essays of Elia*. His genius is perhaps most akin to that of Addison. He finds inspiration in the same subjects, and he adorns everything he touches with the same grace, and quickens it with as delicate humour. Lamb, like Cowper, is famous for his letters. They give a delightful expression of a personality that was so loveable, gracious, and gay. Lamb was too poor to devote himself entirely to letters. He entered the East India House as an accountant, and he was in that service for thirty-three years, when he retired on a well-earned pension. Though he was regularly occupied by his official duties, all his real interests lay in literature. Lamb was a great critic of poetry as well as a poet himself. Early in his life he devoted much study to the old dramatists of England, and largely helped to reawaken the sense of the public to their power and beauty.

Landor (1775-1864). No. 134. Landor is one of the many English poets who lived a great part of their lives in Italy. Landor had a house at Florence. He is a prose writer as well as a poet. His *Imaginary Dialogues* are the greatest work he has done. Of these he said, "These compositions are written with no slate pencil upon a slate, and not even the finger of time himself, dipped in the clouds of years, shall efface them." But this somewhat immodest recognition of his own value seems likely to be fulfilled. His longest poem is called *Gebir*. The lyric included in this book is considered by many to be the most perfect 8-line poem in the English language.

Longfellow (1807-1882). No. 12. Longfellow is an American poet. The best known of his longer poems are *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, and *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*. He wrote a number of short poems also. Some of his best are included in the first part of this book. Though there is little of the "finer

spirit of poetry" in Longfellow, he has written much that is widely known and loved by a large class of men for whom greater poetry has no message.

Lyte (1793-1847). No. 58. This poet has written some lyrics that find a place in collections of English poetry.

Macaulay (1800-1859). No. 45. It is as a historian and essayist that Macaulay is best known, but his lay of *Horatius* ranks very high in English ballad literature. Macaulay was one of the most gifted men of the nineteenth century. He was not only a great writer, but also a Member of Parliament, and a good speaker. He was a man of great and wide learning. He knew almost every European language and its literature, besides Latin and Greek. His prose is remarkable for clearness and force. His meaning is always perfectly easy to see. His *Essays* are the most popular of his writings. They are, for the most part, studies of the lives and characters of great Englishmen, such as Milton, William Pitt, Lord Clive, Dr. Johnson, and others. They are the best reading in the world for those who wish to know something about the men who have made England great. They are also excellent examples of clear and vigorous prose. Macaulay wrote also a *History of England*, which is a famous book.

Marvell (1621-1678). No. 49. Marvell was a contemporary of Milton. He lives by his lyrics, which are of great beauty. He also wrote satires, but they are only known to students of literature.

Milton (1608-1674). Nos. 105, 106, 107, 130. Milton is beyond question the greatest English poet after Shakespeare. His chief poem is called *Paradise Lost*. It is an epic or long narrative poem recounting the creation and fall of man. It is founded upon the Old Testament, and is written in blank verse, and divided into twelve books. Milton's other long poems are *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes* (modelled after a Greek drama), and *Comus*. *Lycidas*, which is given in this book, is what is called an elegy—a poem written to lament the death of some one. Milton also wrote sonnets and lyrics. He was not only a poet. Many years of his life were devoted to politics. He was a republican, and a staunch up-

holder of the Commonwealth and the principles of Oliver Cromwell. Twenty years of his life he gave up to writing pamphlets in defence of Cromwell's party. In later life he became quite blind, and the whole of *Paradise Lost* was written in this condition. The piece beginning "Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven firstborn," which is given in this book, is from the beginning of the third book of *Paradise Lost*. The expression, as it is, of genuine experience, there is nothing more deeply pathetic in literature. But Milton is not overwhelmed by his physical misfortune. Though "cloud and ever-during dark surrounds him," he has visions "that flash upon the inward eye," and these more than recompense him for the loss of the visible world. There are also included in this book two poems upon Milton, one by Tennyson and one by Wordsworth. The first is a beautiful appreciation of his poetry, the second of his personal character. They should both be read in connection with his name. As an epic poet, Milton takes rank with the three other great epic poets of the Western world, Homer the Greek, Virgil the Roman, and Dante the Italian. *Paradise Lost* is the most monumental work in our language. In it, blank verse is brought to its ultimate perfection. The sustained dignity and beauty of Milton's metre is one of the greatest things in poetry. Besides being a great poet, Milton was also a great prose writer. The *Areopagitica*, or speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, is his greatest work. It is among the masterpieces of English prose.

Milton was educated at St. Paul's School in London and at Cambridge. After leaving the University he travelled in Italy for some time, and made himself perfect in the Italian literature and language. There he met Galileo and other famous Italians. When he returned to England he settled in London and supported himself by teaching. From 1640-1660 he put poetry altogether aside, and devoted his life to politics and the cause of liberty. It was during this period that all his prose was written. After the death of Cromwell, he began *Paradise Lost*, and this, with *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, occupied him to the end of his life. He died in 1674. Milton, then, is one of the greatest Englishmen. We shall fail to appreciate him fully

•

if we only regard him as a poet. He was a great citizen, and throughout his life tried to fulfil the highest needs of his country. And so it is that Wordsworth calls on him to help England in her hour of need.

Moore (1779-1852). Nos. 70, 137. Moore was an Irishman and a friend of Byron. Most of his lyrical work is included under the title of *Irish Melodies*. They are songs which he wrote to old Irish tunes. He often sang them himself in society. The poem, *The Light of Other Days*, given in this book, is one of the most beautiful in our literature.

Morris (1834-1896). No. 147. William Morris is one of the best known of the Victorian poets. Like Rossetti he sought to express only the beautiful in poetry, and left alone the vexed questions of the day. He went to Greek and Scandinavian mythology for many of his poems, which he included under the name of *The Earthly Paradise*. The life and death of Jason is his longest poem on a classical subject. But it is perhaps in some of his shorter lyrics, such as "Summer Dawn," that Morris is at his very best.

Norton (1808-1877). No. 1. The Hon. Mrs. Norton is a well-known writer. She wrote a series of poems called *A Voice from the Factories*, which helped much to bring about legislation against child-labour. Her verses on other subjects are numerous.

Patmore (1823-1896). No. 79. Coventry Patmore has kept very closely to one line of poetry. His poetry gives a picture of the rural circumstance and the life of those English families in which culture, refinement, and piety have been a tradition for many generations. "The Angel of the House," is his best known poem. It is difficult for any one who is not English to feel the full charm of what he has written. For it centres round a part of society which is indeed "the backbone of England," but which cannot be known in all its delicate characters except by those who are within its circle. In the words of Mr. Stopford Brooke, he writes about "the cultivated life which in quiet English counties gathers round the church, the parsonage, and the hall." The poem included in this book is, however, of universal interest and rare beauty.

Pope (1688-1744). Nos. 11, 75, 144, 145. Pope is the greatest and most complete expression of the spirit of the eighteenth century poetry. He wrote at a time when party spirit ran high. In his day, the political leaders of the two great parties, the Whigs and the Tories, enlisted all the best writers on their respective sides. This gave a special character to literature. Roughly speaking, the writers on the Tory side abused the Whigs, and the writers on the Whig side abused the Tories. In poetry this party spirit expressed itself in satire, and of this form of poetry Pope and Dryden are the two greatest masters. *The Dunciad*, in which he ridiculed Cibber, one of whose poems appears in the first part of this book, is the best of Pope's satires. But he wrote also didactic and philosophical poetry. This kind of poetry examines the truth of all the intellectual notions of political and social science. In his *Essay on Man*, which is Pope's most widely-known poem, he expresses all his views on human life in verse, which, though it lacks imagination and feeling, possesses a lucidity and an exactness of language that has made hundreds of its lines pass into household words. No poet has a greater power of expressing thought clearly and in a telling manner than Pope. Almost all his poetry is written in the heroic couplet, *e.g.* :

"Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die),
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man."

Essay on Man.

The extracts from the *Essay on Man*, which are given in this book, are good examples of its character. It will be observed that each line rhymes with its neighbour, and the pause comes at the end of the line. In this metre almost all the poetry of Pope's day was written. It was the best vehicle for the spirit of its genius—for literature was interested in what men thought rather than felt. Human character was closely analyzed from the point of view of the intellect. The human passions, and the

life of the masses of the people, and the beauties of Nature were left alone by poetry at this time. But it must not be supposed that, though the greatest poetry was left unwritten, the eighteenth century was not a great age. There was probably more brain-energy abroad in the world than at any previous period in our history. Great advance was made in criticism, in science, and in historical research of all kinds. Men had strong intellects and the power to express what they thought with force and clearness. In both these possessions Pope is rich. He had a great mind and a great intellectual sincerity, and a power of clothing his thoughts in the most fitting language. Besides *The Dunciad* and the *Essay on Man*, he wrote many other poems, of which the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Essay on Criticism* are the best known. "Measured by any high standard of imagination he will be found wanting; tried by any test of wit he is unrivalled." In these words Lowell admirably sums up the literary character of Pope.

Rodd (1858-). No. 54. Sir Rennell Rodd, who is first secretary to the British Agency at Cairo, has written several volumes of poetry, consisting chiefly of ballads and lyrics. His best known ballads are the *Spanish Armada* and the *World Encompassed*, which tells how Drake sailed round the world in the "Golden Hind." The poem included in this book has all the fervour and passionate freedom that belongs to the true lyric.

Rogers (1768-1855). No. 20. Rogers is not a poet of any great merit. His most considerable work is a descriptive poem called *Italy*, which is chiefly famous because many of its lines have been illustrated by Turner, the greatest of all English landscape painters.

Rossetti (1828-1882). No. 136. Rossetti, after Wordsworth and Shakespeare, is the greatest writer of sonnets in our language. The sonnet included in this book is from a series of 101 sonnets to which he gave the general title of *The House of Life*. He wrote also many ballads which are romantic in manner and subject-matter. Like Keats, Rossetti went to mediæval history for his subjects and inspiration, and left the vexed questions of the day behind him, and sought to express

the beautiful in his poetry. He is one of the most distinguished of the Victorian poets. Like Blake, he was a painter as well as a poet. Some of his pictures are as great as his poems. It is very rare that a man attains such high distinction in two arts.

Scott (1771-1832). No. 164. Sir Walter Scott is one of the great kings of literature. Like Shakespeare, Goethe, and Victor Hugo, he has made a world and peopled it. The *Waverley* Novels are his greatest work, and it is by them that he is known all over Europe.

Scott wrote poetry as well as prose, and of its kind it is very great. In *Marmion* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* he has brought the narrative poem to perfection. These poems, like his novels, recreate for us the Middle Ages. Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, the year after his life-long friend Wordsworth. He was intended to be a lawyer, but he disliked the profession and threw it up, and determined to make his livelihood by literature. At first he wrote only poetry, but in 1815 he gave it up for prose, and began the series of famous books that are known as the *Waverley* Novels. They are the first great historical novels in our literature. In *Ivanhoe* and the *Talisman* the Crusaders are made to live again. In *Kenilworth*, Elizabeth and the great men of her reign are brought back to life, and in *Quentin Durward* we have a picture of France as it was under Louis XI. But, perhaps, it is in such works as the *Heart of Midlothian* and *Guy Mannering* that we have Scott at his very best. For here he is writing of the past of his own country. As an accompaniment to the study of history they are the best reading, for they thrill with the soul and spirit of the times they describe, and make the men and women, who in history text-books are often but dry bones, live and speak again.

Shakespeare (1564-1616). Nos. 6, 24, 27, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 36, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121. We know very little about the life of the greatest Englishman. Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, a village in Warwickshire. He went to London as a very young man, and followed at first the profession of an actor. He must have been successful in his vocation, for he became manager of the

Globe Theatre—the largest and most important playhouse in London. Contemporary record also tells us that Shakespeare won himself fame by his plays, and latterly moved in the court society of his day. He was the friend of the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke and other great noblemen of his day. It is probable also that he was personally known to the Queen herself. Ben Jonson, who lived at the same time as Shakespeare, says of him : “Shine forth thou starre of poets,” thereby indicating that he was thought very great by the men of his own day. Jonson is also recorded to have said that Shakespeare “knew little Latin and less Greek.” This is interesting, because Shakespeare has written many plays on classical subjects. Shakespeare died in 1616, and was buried at Stratford-on-Avon. The inscription over his tomb runs thus :

“Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here :
Curséd be he that moves my bones,
And blessed be he that spares these stones.”

Beyond these few facts we know scarcely anything of the life of Shakespeare.

It is impossible, in the space of a short note, to speak of the greatness of Shakespeare as a poet. What Englishmen feel about him is well expressed in the sonnet by M. Arnold, “Others abide our question. Thou art free.” This should be read in connection with his name. Suffice it to say that the universal verdict of Europe, not of England alone, is that Shakespeare is the greatest poet since the Greeks. Many critics would go further, and say that he is the greatest poet the world has produced. For not only has he written tragedies that rank with the greatest performances of Aeschylus and Sophocles, but he has written also comedies that are equal to those of Aristophanes. Besides this, he wrote some hundred and fifty sonnets, which, for passion and “fundamental brain-work,” as another poet has said, are unsurpassed in any language. The songs, too, that are scattered about his plays are some of the sweetest in the English language. The whole world of poetry belonged to him, and in every department of it he

has shown himself a master. His works have been translated into almost every known language, and his plays are acted in all the capitals of the world. Hundreds of his lines have passed into proverbs, and live upon the lips of Englishmen all over the world. It is as a dramatist that he is greatest. His plays may roughly be divided into three divisions—(1) tragedies, (2) historical plays, (3) comedies—some of which are pure comedy, others a mixture of tragedy and comedy. Shakespeare is so great because he embraces the whole of life. Every type of character lives in his plays, and every human passion is expressed. It is impossible, within the scope of a few words, to give any account that at all includes the various powers of his genius. We must be content with a few general phrases. Men find in him the ultimate wisdom of mankind. They feel that in him the force of the human mind has gone furthest. They know that he cannot be surpassed.

Shelley (1792-1822). Nos. 18, 29, 55, 59, 60, 91, 131, 151, 155, 156. Shelley is the "supreme head" of English song. There are no finer lyrics in our language than the *Ode to the West Wind*, and the poem *To a Skylark*. It is also Shelley's peculiar distinction to have written the greatest tragedy since the Elizabethan age. The *Cenci* comes after the great plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Shelley, like Spenser, has been called the poet's poet, because his poetry takes us into a world of beauty far removed from the earth. This is at once its weakness and its strength. No poet has created a more ideal world of light and sound and colour, but it often lacks human interest. It is too far from the common walks of men, and therefore does not make the universal appeal of the greatest poetry. It is the exceptional, perhaps the abnormal, man who loves Shelley best. He has been called by Mr. William Watson

"The hectic flame-like rose of verse,
All colour, and all odour, and all bloom,
Steeped in the noonlight, glutted with the sun,
Yet somewhat lacking root in homely earth."

The beings of his creation are too impalpable for human touch, his music is often too fine for mortal ears. This is the criticism

that many men make who find something ineffectual in Shelley. But he is so sublime and so glorious in his spiritual freedom that we prefer to say with Browning :

“Suntreader, life and light be thine for ever !
The air seems bright with thy past presence yet.”

Like many of the poets of his day he was an enthusiast for the ideas of the French Revolution, and he has expressed them in his two longest poems, *Queen Mab* and the *Revolt of Islam*. These were written very early in his life. Shelley was always a lover of the cause of liberty. Even while he was still at school at Eton he resisted what he thought was the brutal tyranny of the masters and the elder boys. He had all his life a hatred of kings and priests and governments. In his youth he thought his mission in life was to reform mankind. All authority should be with the people. Governments, princes, kings, and rulers of all kinds he considered the enemies of the human race. He wanted the masses to rise and assert their strength :

“ Rise like lions after slumber
In unconquerable number—
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep have fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few !”

These lines, from his *Masque of Anarchy* express his youthful political aspirations. However, later in life, when he lived in Italy, the fierceness of his democratic spirit was subdued, and it was there that he wrote all his best poetry.

Of his longer poems, besides those already mentioned, *Prometheus Unbound*, a lyrical drama, is perhaps the finest thing he ever wrote. *Epipsychidion* and the *Witch of Atlas* are the most characteristic of his exceptional genius, and the purest products of his wonderful imagination. Very much of his poetry is subjective, that is to say, it is an outpouring of his own personal feelings. We can see this both in the *Ode to the West Wind*, and the *Skylark*.

Shelley lived the greater part of his life in Italy. All his best work was written out of England. He died when he was only thirty, at the very height of his poetical power. He was

drowned at sea while sailing off the shores of Pisa. His body was found washed up on the coast, and, according to the Italian laws, was burned on the sea-shore. His ashes lie buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, close to the grave of Keats. On his tomb is written, "cor cordium"—heart of hearts. No man loved his fellowmen more passionately than Shelley.

Shirley (1596-1666). Nos. 140, 142. James Shirley was one of the last of the Elizabethan dramatists. Scattered about among his plays are lyrics of great beauty.

Southey (1774-1843). No. 93. Southey is one of the Lake poets. He was the friend of both Wordsworth and Coleridge, but his poetry does not rank with theirs. He was at one time poet-laureate, and of his longer poems, *Thalaba the Destroyer* is the best known. He wrote a few lyrics that are well known. It is by these and his prose life of Nelson, the great English admiral, that his name is chiefly remembered.

Spenser (1552-1599). No. 166. The selection given in this book is from Spenser's *Faery Queen*, which is one of the greatest poems in the English language. Spenser was born a little before the time of Shakespeare. The *Faery Queen* is a long epic poem. The plan of the poem, as Spenser himself set it forth, was as follows: It was to consist of twelve books which were to tell the warfare of twelve knights, in whom were represented twelve virtues. These knights were sent forth from the court of Gloriana, Queen of Fairyland, to war against the vices and errors of the world, which were also impersonated. Spenser adhered to his original plan only in the first two books. The rest of the plot is confused and lost in many extraneous additions. The poem is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful descriptions of sights lovely and wonderful, rich and strange, that make up the faery world, which is the scene of its actors. It abounds in passages so delicately wrought in colour and design, that they might be compared to the woven traceries of some flowery forest arbour, the work "of many a summer's silent fingering." The whole poem breathes with the spirit of the Renaissance as it was known in England. There is in it the revived love of chivalry, the eager interest in adventure and the marvels of the New World, and the enthusiasm for learning.

All the joy, the colour, the movement of life in the days of Elizabeth is reflected in this great poem. Spenser wrote, besides the *Faery Queen*, a number of beautiful sonnets, and a lovely marriage hymn called *Epithalamion*. This is the best part of a large body of poetry that he left behind him. Spenser was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School in London, and from there he went to Cambridge. He lived a great part of his life in Ireland, as he was Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. He died in London in 1599, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He is one of the greatest and best loved of our poets.

Swinburne (1837-). Nos. 81, 160. Mr. Swinburne is the greatest living English poet. The passages included in this book are from the dramas *Erechtheus* and *Atalanta in Calydon* which are written after the model of Greek plays. These two dramas are perhaps the most read of his longer works. But it is as a writer of lyrics that Mr. Swinburne is greatest. As a master of metre and tuneful verse he has never been surpassed. It is also his peculiar distinction to be the greatest poet of the sea in our language. No poet has described the sea in all its changing colour and sound, its light and its movement, more beautifully than Mr. Swinburne.

Tennyson (1809-1892). Nos. 7, 23, 34, 39, 44, 48, 64, 82, 95, 100, 104, 126, 139, 148, 150, 157. Tennyson is the most famous of all the many poets who have adorned the reign of Queen Victoria. He was made poet-laureate in 1850, in succession to Wordsworth; but before that year he had won the public attention, and he kept it most closely in spite of many great rivals to the day of his death. This is largely because, after he had once found his voice, he preserved such a high standard of excellence throughout his poetry. Unlike Wordsworth, Tennyson never wrote much "below" himself. Even in his old age his poetical power was almost as vigorous as in the prime of his manhood. Tennyson's work may roughly be divided into three divisions:

(1) Lyrics, songs, and ballads—including short poems on classical subjects—such as *Ulysses* and the *Lotos-Eaters*, which are given in this book.

(2) *The Idylls of the King*, a series of short epic poems

narrative of the deeds of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

(3) *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, and *The Princess*. These poems are modern in subject-matter, and also express Tennyson's attitude as a man and as a poet to the world of his own day. From the point of view of pure poetical beauty, it is in his songs and lyrics and short poems, founded on classical or mediaeval subjects, that Tennyson is at his very best. Like Keats, he understands the power of mere words, and has written as many lines that haunt the memory with strange delight. He has also a wonderful power of expressing colour by words. The song, *Blow, Bugle, Blow*, given in this book, is a fine example of his gift in this direction. *The Idylls of the King*, which are his longest work, best illustrate the art of Tennyson. They abound in passages which, for artistic perfection of language, are unsurpassed. It is not, however, in the *Idylls* that Tennyson shows the solid and original intention of his poetry or the individual side of his genius. In them he was but dressing an old tale anew that had been told in prose as beautiful as his verse, and consequently he could not escape enough from the influence of his model to show his full powers. It is perhaps in *Maud* that we feel most strongly that he is a maker of poetry. In that poem, which is a monodrama where the poet himself is the speaker and principal actor, he has given the world something quite new in matter and in manner. It is not improbable that some future poet will take *Maud* as a model for a great outpouring of his spirit. *In Memoriam* is, however, regarded by many critics as Tennyson's greatest poem. It is written as a memorial to his great friend Arthur Hallam, who died when he was quite young. Here, he expresses his deep sorrow at the death of his friend, and all the searching thoughts about man's life and his relation to God and immortality that were stirred up in his mind by the loss that had overtaken him. *The Princess* contains some of the most beautiful of Tennyson's songs. As a whole poem, it does not rank with *Maud* and *In Memoriam*. Its subject is the right of women to be the equals of men in all things, and share all their duties and privileges. Tennyson rebukes these aspirations with gentle satire.

Tennyson's life was not an eventful one. After leaving Cambridge he took up no profession, but determined to devote himself wholly to poetry. From this purpose he never swerved. He died full of years and of honours in 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His poetry is probably more universally read than that of any other poet except Shakespeare. It is too early to determine his ultimate position amongst our poets, but it will certainly be a high one. If *The Idylls of the King* will pass away, as some critics think, *Maud* and a hundred lyrics will last as long as the English language.

Tennyson-Turner (1808-1879). No. 13. Tennyson-Turner is a relation of the great Tennyson. His sonnets, which are his chief work, rank very high among the sonnets of the nineteenth century.

Vaughan (1621-1693). Nos. 74, 138. Vaughan, like Habington, Herbert, and Herrick, is one of the Caroline poets. The small volume of verse that he left behind him he called *Sacred Poems*. They are on religious subjects for the most part. Few poems are more beautiful than the one included in this book, *They are all gone into the World of Light*. *I saw Eternity the other Night* is also wonderful for the spacious vision it suggests.

Watson (1858-). No. 146. Mr. William Watson is one of the best known living poets. His poetry has great perfection of form and language. It is further distinguished by depth and dignity of thought.

White (Blanco) (1775-1841). No. 158. This sonnet is by some critics considered the finest in our language. White has written nothing else at all equal to this.

Wolfe (1791-1823). No. 94. Wolfe died very young, and has left little poetry behind him. There is hardly any poem which possesses such a solemn beauty and deep pathos as *The Burial of Sir John Moore*. It ensures for its hero and its author equally an undying name.

Wotton (1568-1639). No. 11. Palgrave, the compiler of the *Golden Treasury*, calls this poem "a fine example of a peculiar class of poetry—that written by thoughtful men who practised this art but little."

Wordsworth (1770-1850). Nos. 10, 19, 42, 108, 110, 111, 112, 123, 152, 153, 154. Wordsworth is the greatest of the so-called Lake poets. His position in English poetry is peculiar. He has left a large body of work behind him, and the difference between his best and his worst is greater than in any other English poet. It is generally admitted that he has written some half a dozen lyrics and a dozen sonnets, which are as beautiful in language, thought, and imagination as anything in our poetry. But there, in the opinion of many men who love poetry, he ends. The reading of his long poems is, they would say, like "toiling in immeasurable sand." On the other hand, there are a number of critics who accept almost everything he has written, and award him a position above all other poets of the nineteenth century. There are many reasons for this great difference of opinion. The chief lies in the subject-matter of Wordsworth's poetry which is in close relation to the manner of life he led. After his return from France, where he had travelled as a young man, he settled first at Racedown, in Dorset, but soon afterwards at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, and began the life which he continued to live till the day of his death. His days were passed in the fields and on the mountain-side in quiet contemplation of Nature in all her moods. His society, for the most part, was the peasantry who lived about him. He entered into all the details of their humble lives, and shared their joys and sorrows. It is this peculiar manner of life, chosen of his own free-will, which makes his poetry different from all other. To be an untiring watcher, day after day, of "silent Nature's breathing life," and to find a full measure of interest in the lives of shepherds and farm-labourers, is not given to every man. Men miss in Wordsworth's poetry the colour and movement of life. His attitude towards Nature cannot be understood except by those who have a natural patience of soul—and a heart that is content "to watch and receive." Thus, the peculiar quality of Wordsworth's genius is missed by the mass of men. His deep simplicity is mistaken for dulness.

Wordsworth's two longest poems are *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*. *The Prelude*, to those who grasp the nature of

Wordsworth's genius, is one of the most interesting studies in all literature. It gives a minute record not only of his external and actual life from school-time down to early manhood, but also tells us his inmost thoughts and sensations. There is scarce another book in the world which gives so deep an insight into the working of a great man's mind. *The Excursion* is less subjective. It tells us Wordsworth's attitude towards God and man, and his views on human affairs. It is only Wordsworthians, as the lovers of Wordsworth are called, who can read with pleasure these long poems. But it is given to many men to love his lyrics and his sonnets. This book contains some of his best.

Wordsworth was not a great student of books. He did not go to history for subjects for poetry, but straight to Nature. All his best poems come from "the mind's inward heaven," which his love of Nature kept beautiful and clear. All his poetry "implies a very high habit of thought."

Nature, Wordsworth believed, was alive, and would help man to lead a good life if he loved and worshipped her beauty. He has said :

" One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

These lines well express a large part of his poetical philosophy. Over and over again he acknowledges his debt to Nature. She first taught him to love his fellowmen ; it was through her that he first got understanding ; she was, in his own words,

" The anchor of my purest thoughts,
And soul of all my moral being."

The good gifts that Nature had given to him, he wished she might give to his fellowmen. The whole of righteousness shall be his who loves her aright. This is what his poetry teaches—and he wished it to be so. "I will be a teacher or nothing," are his own words.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A chieftain to the Highlands bound, ...	105
A great Angora watched his collieship, ...	224
A man he was to all the country dear, ...	6
A plague upon the people fell, ...	10
A wanderer is man from his birth, ...	186
A wet sheet and a flowing sea, ...	115
All service ranks the same with God, ...	264
All the world's a stage, ...	127
And is there care in heaven? And is there love, ...	262
And spake I not too truly, O my knights?	126
Arethusa arose, ...	87
Art thou pale for weariness, ...	26
As slow our ship her foamy track, ...	114
At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay, ...	154
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way, ...	129
Blow, blow, thou winter wind, ...	31
Break, break, break, ...	84
Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes, ...	32
Clear and cool, clear and cool, ...	49
Come, boy, prepare yourself, ...	38
Come, dear children, let us away, ...	45
Come hither, Hubert: O, my gentle Hubert, ...	139
Come unto these yellow sands, ...	40
Come with bows bent, and with emptying of quivers, ...	125
"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land, ...	225
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear, ...	180
Earth has not anything to show more fair, ...	240
Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!	176
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree, ...	34
False friend, wilt thou smile or weep, ...	141

	PAGE
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! . . .	181
Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory, . . .	152
Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat, . . .	121
Flower in the crannied wall, . . .	197
Forget six counties overhung with smoke, . . .	225
Four seasons fill the measure of the year, . . .	13
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears, . . .	133
Get thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curled, . . .	213
Give thy thoughts no tongue, . . .	128
Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heaven firstborn, . . .	173
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! . . .	241
Half a league, half a league, . . .	146
Happy the man, whose wish and care, . . .	119
He clasps the crag with crooked hands, . . .	247
He rose at dawn and, fired with hope, . . .	104
Here in this leafy place, . . .	261
Home they brought her warrior dead, . . .	80
How all occasions do inform against me, . . .	184
How are thy servants blest, O Lord, . . .	117
How happy is he born and taught, . . .	18
How many thousand of my poorest subjects, . . .	182
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, . . .	263
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank, . . .	33
I am monarch of all I survey, . . .	107
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, . . .	35
I come from haunts of coot and hern, . . .	29
I have had playmates, I have had companions, . . .	84
I love contemplating—apart, . . .	149
I met a traveller from an antique land, . . .	99
I saw Eternity the other night, . . .	118
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he, . . .	109
I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile! . . .	238
If there were dreams to sell, . . .	32
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, . . .	231
Is Banquo gone from court? . . .	136
Is this a dagger which I see before me, . . .	183
It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands, . . .	248

	PAGE
It is not growing like a tree, ...	121
It little profits that an idle king, ...	233
It was a lover and his lass, ...	41
It was fifty years ago, ...	19
It was upon a Lammas night, ...	20
John Anderson, my jo, John, ...	27
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan, ...	223
Lars Porsena of Clusium, ...	53
Last night among his fellow-roughs, ...	153
Let me speak, sir, ...	131
Let the Arab courser go, ...	255
Look round our world; behold the chain of Love, ...	222
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour, ...	175
Mine be a cot beside the hill, ...	27
Mortality, behold and fear, ...	218
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold, ...	24
My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by, ...	1
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains, ...	198
My heart leaps up when I behold, ...	26
My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes, ...	122
Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew, ...	247
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, ...	145
Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile, ...	179
O a dainty plant is the ivy green, ...	7
O blithe new-comer! I have heard, ...	50
Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, ...	249
O listen, listen, ladies gay, ...	259
O Mary, go and call the cattle home, ...	51
O mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies, ...	170
Oh snatched away in beauty's bloom, ...	210
O that those lips had language! Life has passed, ...	166
O that we now had here, ...	8
O the sight entrancing, ...	5
O the sky, the sky, the open sky, ...	85
O what avails the sceptred race, ...	211

	PAGE
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, ...	78
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, ...	235
Obscurest night involved the sky, ...	257
Occasions drew me early to this city, ...	170
O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, ...	102
Of Charlie Cain, the cox, ...	160
Of Nelson and the north, ...	163
Oft in the stilly night, ...	214
Old Meg, she was a gipsy, ...	28
Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee, ...	177
Once in a golden hour, ...	216
On Linden, when the sun was low, ...	113
Others abide our question. Thou art free, ...	178
Our revels now are ended : these our actors, ...	179
Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll, ...	142
Say not, the struggle nought availeth, ...	264
Scots ! wha hae wi' Wallace bled, ...	101
See what a lovely shell, ...	52
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, ...	189
Strew on her roses, roses, ...	83
Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave, ...	119
Sweet to the morning traveller, ...	144
Tell me, where is Fancy bred, ...	40
The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold, ...	4
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, ...	193
The fruitful, immortal, anointed, adored, ...	248
The glories of our blood and state, ...	217
The green corn waving in the dale, ...	24
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece, ...	90
The King was on his throne, ...	111
The man that hath great griefs I pity not, ...	191
The more we live, more brief appear, ...	197
The quality of mercy is not strained, ...	141
The sleepless hours who watch me as I lie, ...	245
The spacious firmament on high, ...	116
The splendour falls on castle walls, ...	44
The world is too much with us; late and soon, ...	241

	PAGE
The year's at the spring, ...	42
There are flashes struck from midnights, ...	263
There is in the wide, lone sea, ...	98
They are all gone into the world of light, ...	215
Thou still unravished bride of quietness, ...	211
Tiger, tiger, burning bright, ...	43
'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won, ...	93
'Twas on a lofty vase's side, ...	13
Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea, ...	177
Under the greenwood tree, ...	42
Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years, ...	209
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying, ...	201
Victorious men of earth, no more, ...	218
We lay our story in the East, ...	21
We watched her breathing thro' the night, ...	82
What! alive and so bold, O earth?	99
When all the world is young, lad, ...	25
When cats run home and light is come, ...	41
When I consider how my light is spent, ...	174
When I have borne in memory what has tamed, ...	176
When I survey the bright, ...	124
When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free, ...	73
Where art thou my beloved son?	15
Where the bee sucks, there suck I, ...	39
Whither, midst falling dew, ...	103
Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world, ...	185
With sweetest milk and sugar first, ...	81
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers, ...	219
Ye have been fresh and green, ...	210
Ye mariners of England, ...	148
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more, ...	203

